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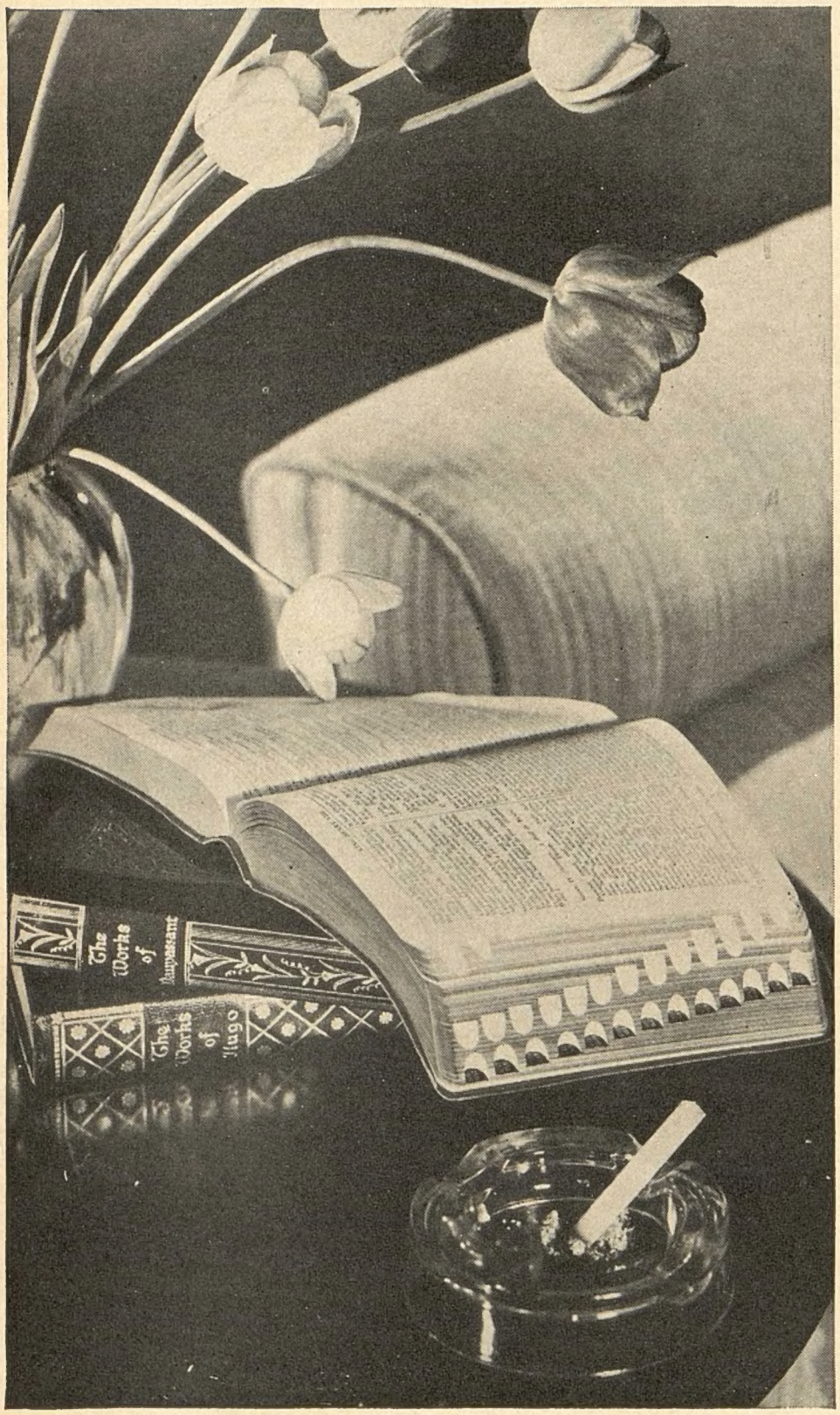

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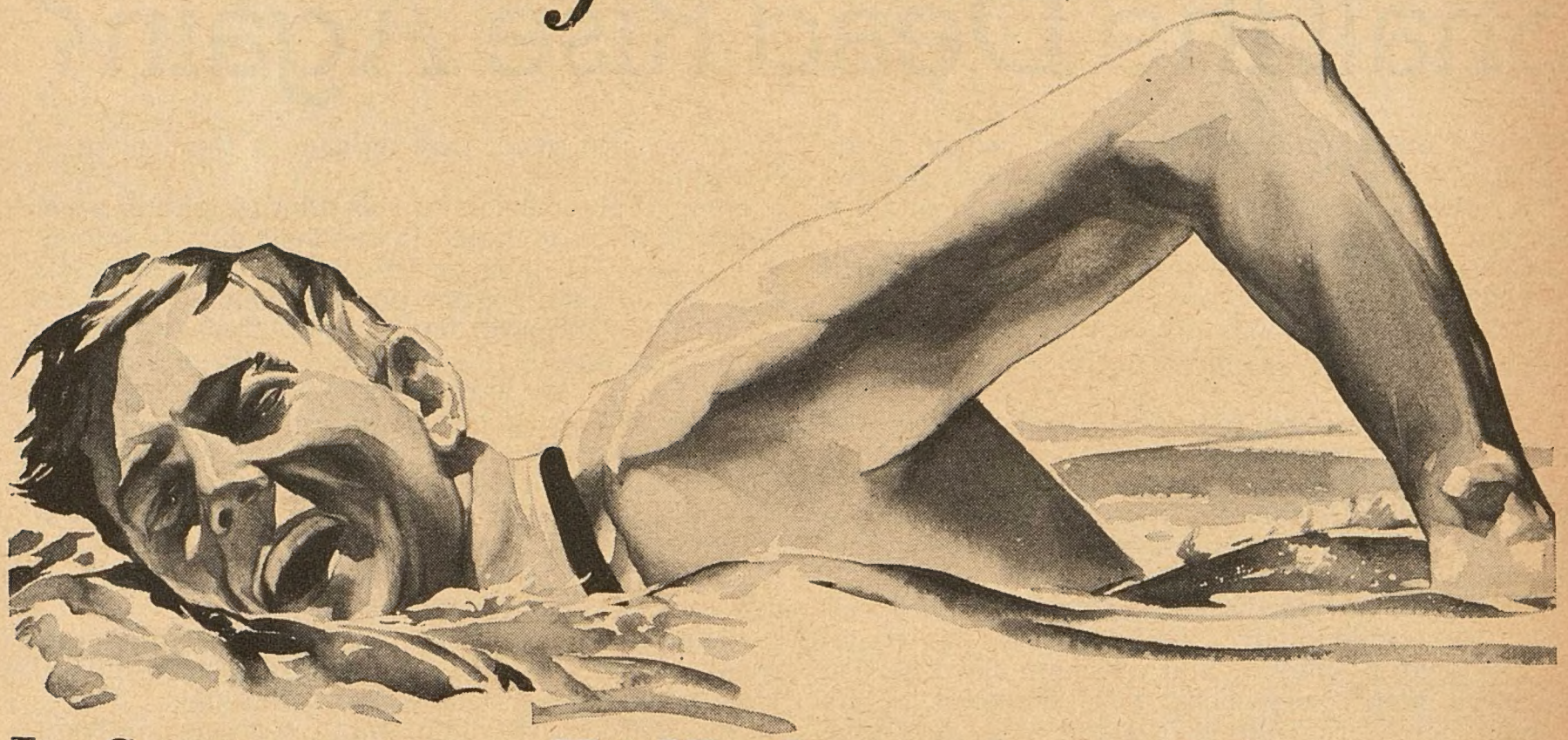

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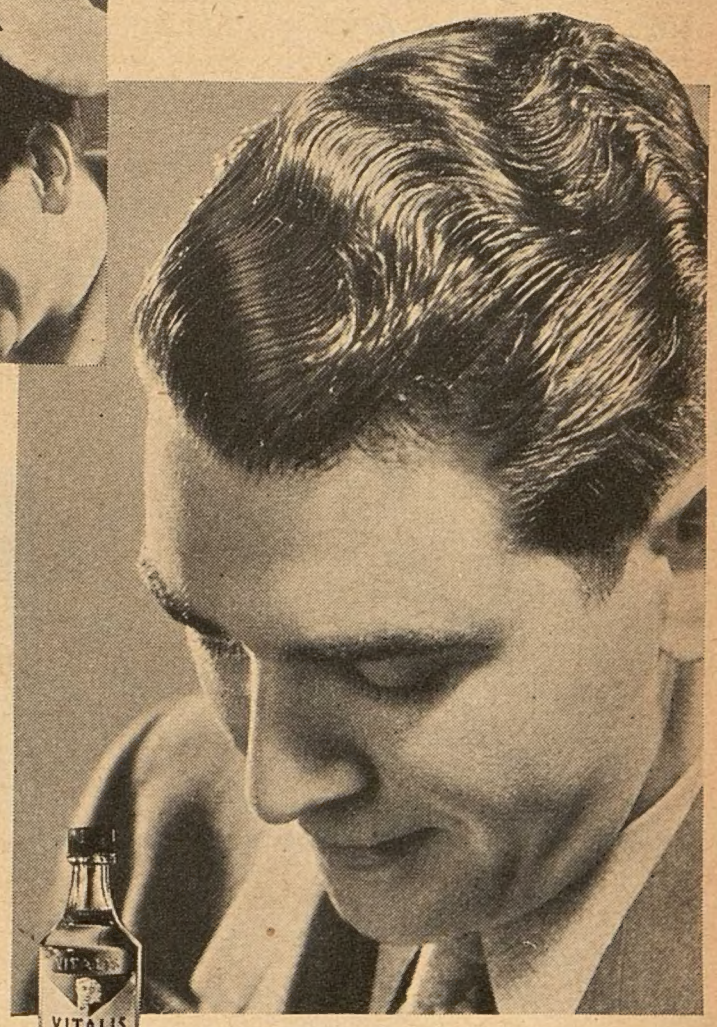

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KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

JULY 20, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 29

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Shall the Dead Rise Again?

THE United States Supreme Court decision practically sent the NRA to the cemetery. But extraordinary efforts are being made to put life into the breathless critter.

It has been extended in skeletonized form to April 1, 1936, by joint resolution of the House and Senate. Let us hope that it will end on that date, for as a permanency there was never a greater opportunity for graft!

To control business, to be able to tell executives of big organizations what they could do and what they could not do—that was an objective that would indeed have dazzling possibilities. For politicians to be able to give jobs to a host of friends—could any one think of anything " sweeter " ?

The NRA started with flying colors. The President was undoubtedly thrilled with the possibilities that it offered, and although hard-headed business men everywhere were doubtful of its value, they were willing to stand aside and give it every opportunity for success as an emergency measure. But as a permanency but few of them favored it.

Capital is extremely sensitive. The business of an investor is to predict the future; and any threat which would indicate a possible change in business conditions scares capital into hiding. Money is then carefully put away, becomes inactive.

When the decision of the Supreme Court broke like a storm in the newspapers throughout the country, big-business leaders everywhere promised to do what they could to adhere to the codes created by the NRA. The first news of the demise of the NRA brought a rise in prices on the stock market, indicating that Wall Street favored the decision.

To give politicians, inexperienced amateurs, power over business can lead but in one direction, and that is toward disaster. Business men have conducted their affairs without hindrance from the government from the beginning of the life of this country. They have grown in size and general importance far beyond that of any other country. And to permanently change a system that has proved so extraordinarily successful is foolish.

Fanciful theorizing may be profitable at times. Experimenting is often desirable. But when we can take the results of experiences lasting many generations and intelligently and profitably use them, why indulge in fanciful theoretical measures?

Some of the officials of this administration seem to have had the idea that it was their duty to change everything. They seemed to have forgotten in the first part of their regime that their most important job was law enforcement, though Attorney General Cummings has done a job that is an outstanding achievement. We bow down with admiration to the grim persistency of his crusading G-men.

What is termed " big business " may have pleaded for aid, may have asked for federal assistance; but the rank and file of our business leaders throughout the country wanted evidence that our government was stable and dependable and that rampant lawlessness would cease.

Hundreds of millions have undoubtedly been spent on the NRA. Railroad fare and hotel bills in Washington alone would run into millions. Maybe all these efforts will not go into the discard entirely. They will at least give business men the idea that employees should have sympathetic consideration.

But you can rest assured that the politicians will move heaven and earth to bring at least a part of this supervision of business back to life. If every local politician can go into any business house in the community and criticize its management, tell the employer what wages he can pay or whom he can employ, this will indeed be a privilege that will bring rich rewards. All the local political heelers can be given jobs, and their voting strength can easily be the price of their employment.

But if business can be definitely assured that the NRA is no more, that it can go ahead with its promotion plans with a definite understanding that its inalienable constitutional rights as citizens of these United States will be recognized, there will be a movement in capital goods that will probably employ millions of people and bring about the investment of billions of dollars.

Let us hope that the NRA is never again able to utter a peep unless another emergency arises where it might be useful. It has been a monopolizing, price-raising influence that may have raised wages here and there, but without a single exception it has decreased the buying power of every worker in comparison with the lowest depression period.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

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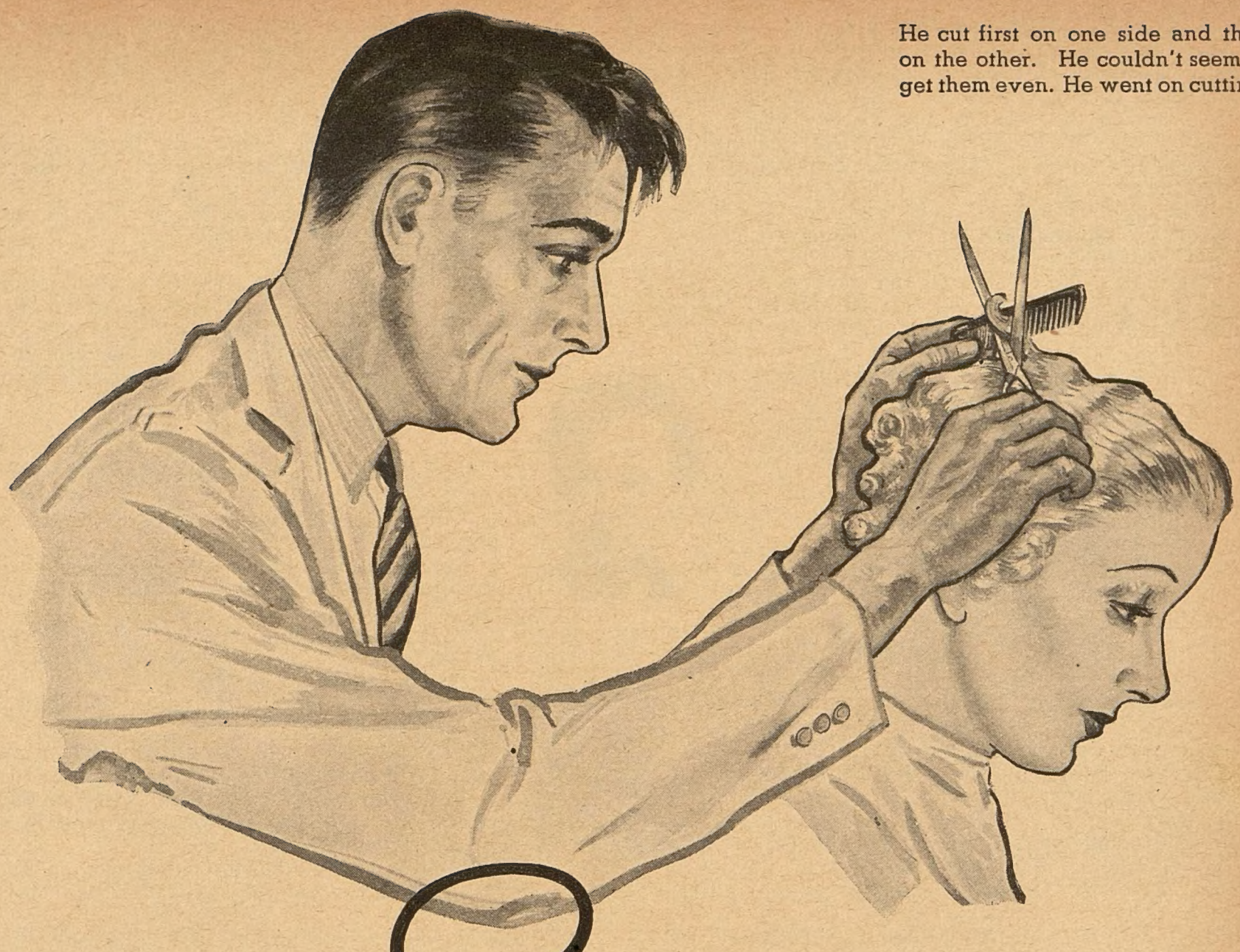

He cut first on one side and then on the other. He couldn't seem to get them even. He went on cutting.

Shear Genius

by

MARIAN B. COCKRELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN

If Life Isn't One Thing It's Another: With Mr. Nertz It Turned Out to Be ART . . . Here's a Hilarious Tale of What Love and a Haircut Can Do

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE young man paused a moment in the doorway of Andropoulos's barbershop, then strode resolutely in.

"I want to see the boss," he told a fat man who didn't seem to be doing anything.

"I'm him," said the fat man.

"I'm lookin' for a job," the young man said, waving a card he had in his hand.

"Union card, huh?" The fat man took it. "What's your name?"

"Ed—uh, Joseph"—he swallowed—"Nertz."

"Huh?" The proprietor of the barbershop peered at the card. "That's a *W*," he said at last. "Your name's Wertz."

"You sure?" Then, quickly, "It looks like an *N* to me."

"Say," asked the fat man suspiciously, "don't you know your name?"

"Sure I do. It's *Nertz!*" the applicant said defiantly.

"Okay." The fat man looked at him curiously. "It's nice to know. Mine's Andropoulos." He handed back the card as a woman came into the shop. He gave her a sour glance, and looked at the young man thoughtfully.

"Women?" he asked.

"Er—yeah."

"Take that dame, then." Mr. Andropoulos handed him a white coat. "Wimmin," he muttered. "Wimmin in barbershops!"

Mr. Nertz picked up the scissors. "How do you want it?"

"The way it was the last time," she said.

"Oh." He turned the chair away from the mirror. He cut first on one side and then on the other. He couldn't seem to get them even. He went on cutting. He couldn't seem to stop. He looked like a man who had never cut hair before. He hadn't.

Twenty minutes later, when the shrill angry cries subsided and the door banged, Mr. Andropoulos edged out of the back room.

Mr. Nertz mopped his brow. "She didn't pay me." He shuddered.

"Well, so long." He began taking off the white coat. "I didn't know it was so hard," he muttered to himself.

"Wait a minute," Mr. Andropoulos said quickly. There was a crafty light in his eyes. "You're hired. Ladies' barber. Ladies *only*—for as long as you last."

Joe, the other barber, grinned, and Nertz sank limply into a chair. In about an hour a lady brought a child in, and left her.

"I'll be right back," she said.

"Short?" inquired Mr. Nertz in hopeful tones.

"No," said the mother. "Leave it fairly long."

It was short. Slowly, shorter and shorter. The mother came back. She said what she thought about it for quite a while, and marched out. But at least she had paid.

At six o'clock Mr. Nertz got a three-dollar advance on his salary and tottered out. He went to a cheap restaurant and ate a dollar's worth. Later that night in a cheap room he wrote a letter:

Dear Mitzi:

I am still laying low but I finally got a job. It is hard work and don't pay much. I am not going to last long at it. It is not in my line.

I have not got enough dough to send for you yet. I am not getting mixed up with any dames.

Yours truly,

EDDIE.

MARIAN B. COCKRELL

is a native of Alabama. She studied art three years at Newcomb College in New Orleans, then a year in New York. Married author Frank Cockrell, set aside her paints and brushes and began writing short stories. This is her first for Liberty.

A week dragged by. All the ladies had a few remarks to make. Mr. Andropoulos looked worried. After all, he was human.

"Can you keep on takin' it?" he said. "That's what I ain't sure of."

Mr. Nertz sighed. "I got to eat," he said.

Mr. Andropoulos put a hand on his shoulder.

"You go home now, son. It's nearly six o'clock. Rest up. I don't want the responsibility—"

. . . . . .

"I been noticin'," Mr. Andropoulos said ten days later, "that last one didn't talk near a minute. You been gettin' better." He sounded dissatisfied. "Here comes another one," he added, disappearing in a furtive manner.

This one was a young girl with too much yellow hair. "Way too much," Mr. Nertz muttered as he seated her in the chair.

"What?" she asked.

"Uh—how do you want it?"

"Just cut off an inch or so. You see how I usually wear it."

She didn't pay much attention. In fact, she almost went to sleep.

Finally she stirred.

"Oo-oo-ooh!" Her hands flew to her head. "It's ruined! *Why* did you cut it so *short?*"

"I know," he said dismally. "I *always* cut it that way."

"Where's the manager? Take this thing off my neck—"

THE back door banged as Mr. Andropoulis went out for a glass of beer.

Mr. Nertz was looking at the girl intently. He put out a hand. "Wait a minute!" he said excitedly. "Look in the mirror. Look good!"

Startled, she looked.

"You were okay when you come in," he went on hurriedly. "I ain't sayin' you wasn't. But they was too much of it. It waved around." He executed a vague illustration. "It looks better now. Honest. More classy."

She looked—and looked again. In place of the waving masses of hair were golden ringlets, close to her head. Her face had come to life somehow. She wasn't a curly doll any longer.

She turned dazedly to Mr. Nertz, and held out some money dreamily. "You're a genius!" she breathed.

"New hat," she murmured as she went out. "With a feather."

"I'm a genius," the new barber told Mr. Andropoulos when he came back half an hour later.

"It's got him," Mr. Andropoulos mourned, and went about like a man with a guilty conscience. . . .

The next day she came back. She had a friend with her. "That's the one," she said. She smiled at Mr. Nertz.

"It looks wonderful," the friend said, glancing at the yellow curls. "I want you to tell me how I ought to wear *my* hair." She looked at him trustingly.

"Well—" He ran his hand through his hair nervously. "Well—stand over there and turn around slow." She did so.

"You didn't ought to wear it straight back like that," he said at last. "Bangs on your forehead, curly—here, I'll cut the front; I can do that pretty good, but you don't want me to cut the rest of it. It'll look better if I don't," he concluded honestly.

Mr. Andropoulos stared.

"MR. NERTZ"—suppressed giggle—"shall I let this grow?"

"Oh, Mr. Nertz, do you think a short bob is becoming?"

Giggle, sigh, exclamation. Mr. Andropoulos groaned. But *ting* went the cash register very, very frequently.

"I see it with my own eyes," Mr. Andropoulos said, "or I wouldn't believe it. There ain't never *been* a barber as lousy as—"

"I know it," Mr. Nertz said, "but I'm gettin' a little better."

"I don't know whether to fire you or raise you. If I could just make up my mind to let loose all the dough that's comin' in," he ended plaintively. He saw a woman coming in and retreated hastily.

This one was a good-looking woman about thirty-five. She had a businesslike, hard-boiled look about her.

"What's the matter with my hair?" She took off her hat, and Mr. Nertz looked at her. There were curls on her forehead. He combed them back with the rest of her hair.

"You're all right now," he said. "You don't need a haircut."

She smiled. "Swell. I planted those curls. When do you go to lunch? I want to talk to you." . . .

"I'm Theresa Henderson," she said when they had ordered lunch. "A friend of mine who owns a beauty parlor said a lot of her customers were going to a man in a barbershop. Well, if women start going to a man's barbershop there must be a reason."

"Huh?" said Mr. Nertz.

"It seems Madeline Pearson, one of the debs who always looked like a Fiji Islander, got a short haircut by mistake, and was so pleased she told all her friends about the handsome new barber who was a genius."

"I ain't handsome," said Mr. Nertz.

"You are, but it doesn't make any difference to me. But it does help—" She paused a moment. "Here's the idea," she said. "You're a sap not to go into business for yourself. A beauty parlor, with me as partner. I used to run one, until it went broke. But things are picking up now."

"Huh? You must be nuts. *Me* run a beauty parlor? A pansy business like that? Anyhow, *I* can't cut hair."

"You can't? What have you been doing?"

"Listen, lady," he said earnestly. "I been gettin' by on luck. I been tellin' 'em how it oughta be, and not doin' any more cuttin' than I have to."

"You just know what you like, I suppose?"

"Yeah, that's it," Mr. Nertz agreed.

"How did you get into that business, then? Depression?"

"No. I—uh—made a mistake."

The lady sighed. "One of us is crazy," she said, "and maybe it's me. But my offer still holds. You won't have to cut hair. I can get plenty of operators to work on percentage—"

"I tell you I ain't interested."

"You'd be the big shot," she went on. "The clients

Theresa finished him with the butt of a gun. Eddie finished him with a chair. He was a mess.

see you first, and you tell them how they ought to wear their hair and complexions. Then you call in an operator and tell her what to do."

After a pause Mr. Nertz said thoughtfully, "Say, it might not be such a bad racket, at that."

She laughed. "Now all we need is capital." . . .

"You'll get rid of the women and make a profit besides," he told Mr. Andropoulos. "She says it's a sure thing." His face darkened. "I'm the one that's got to take it. I'll be glad when I can quit."

"Listen," said Mr. Andropoulos. "I ain't gonna put dough in no nutty proposition and then have you leave me holdin' the sack. *You* bring in the dames. It's gonna be down in black and white that you don't leave till I say you can."

"Okay," said Mr. Nertz. . . .

There was a letter waiting for Mr. Nertz when he reached his room:

Dear Eddie:

I hope you have not lost your job, because they say Flannery is still sore and I do not think it would be a good idea to come home. They are looking for you.

I am getting lonesome, and I may come down there to see just what you are doing. I love you.

MITZI.

"Hm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m," said Mr. Nertz. . . .

For three weeks Mr. Andropoulos made out checks regularly and complainingly. Then he came to see what it was he was buying.

Theresa showed him around. He glanced into a room full of ladies with things on their heads. He drew back nervously.

Theresa pointed to a frosted glass door marked:

E. PENNINGTON
Beauty Counsel

"Is that Wertz—er—Nertz?"

"Yes. Some one's in there now, but"—she looked at her watch—"she has only two more minutes. He never lets them stay over their time."

"I don't blame him," Mr. Andropoulos said feelingly.

In two minutes exactly she sent him in. Mr. Andropoulos gasped.

Mr. Nertz-Pennington stood behind a polished desk, clad in striped trousers, morning coat, and boutonniere.

"So that's what you been spendin' my money for! Fancy pants!"

"No, listen," Mr. Pennington said hastily. "She said we had to have 'em. Gotta have a front. I mean," he amended, "we must create an impression of culture." He sighed. "Hell, I even gotta talk right."

Mr. Andropoulos was silent a moment. "You know—she's a smart girl."

Theresa said from the door: "I hate to rush you, Mr. Andropoulos, but there's a customer waiting."

"Okay. I wanted to tell you, Eddie—a coupla guys were lookin' for you."

"Yeah?" Eddie looked at him queerly.

"I told 'em the only barbers I had were right there. They said didn't I have one that quit not long ago. I said he was a little Italian guy—I thought they might be from the Barbers' Union," he ended meaningly.

"What did they look like?"

"One was popeyed," Mr. Andropoulos said immediately. "You couldn't look at nothing else. The other one looked like a gorilla."

"He was," Eddie said abstractedly. "Listen," he said after a pause. "If you think I got anything to do with you gettin' your money back, don't tell 'em where I am, see?"

Mr. Andropoulos's eyes narrowed; then he shrugged. "Okay, son. I'll stall 'em for you. Well, so long. Wouldn't nobody know you in that getup anyhow," he added as he went out. . . .

Mr. Andropoulos was wrong. They recognized him immediately.

"Where's the bird 'at runs this jernt?" the popeyed one said, as they burst into the anteroom, leaving the door open.

Before Theresa could think of anything to say, he caught her involuntary glance toward Eddie's door and strode in, followed by his apelike companion.

Eddie looked.

"Yow!" he yelled at sight of his visitors, and leaped over the desk at them.

"Monk!" the popeyed one cried. "Don't let him—"

Eddie clipped him on the chin and he settled limply to the floor. Eddie turned to the one called Monk, who was backing away.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Monk said; but when Eddie paid no attention, he reached into his coat.

At that gesture Eddie stopped short, turned, and dashed for the door beside his desk. An operator was coming through it.

"Beat it!" Eddie said, shoving her back into the other room and whirling to put his shoulder against the door. He was too late. The door crashed open and Monk lunged through, waving a pistol.

Several women screamed loudly, which diverted Monk and caused him to hesitate a minute. Just long enough for Theresa, who was standing near the door with a hot marcel iron, to bring it down on his wrist, making a sizzling noise and a funny smell.

HE yowled and dropped the gun as Eddie stepped up and socked him. He blinked and started after Eddie. Eddie dodged backward, in and out among women and machinery, clipping Monk on the chin as fast and hard as he could.

But punches on Monk's massive chin were nothing new. He merely grumbled some inaudible phrases, lowered his head a little more, and kept on coming.

One woman kept on screaming. You couldn't blame her. She was firmly attached to a permanent-waving machine which one could see at a glance would be unhandy to carry around.

Theresa had picked up the gun, but the room was much too crowded to use it.

Eddie threw a bottle at Monk, which missed him; but it gave the ladies ideas, and since there were six of them the air was presently thick with flying missiles. There were more errors than hits, but it was all very confusing, and a worried frown spread over Monk's rugged features.

Still he kept on after Eddie.

The finish was really very pretty. It was well timed and neat.

Some one cleverly tripped Monk as he surged by and he pitched to one side, his head landing in the lap of the woman who was getting the permanent. That good lady redoubled her screams, frantically grabbed a near-by pan of ammonia solution, and poured it over his head.

Monk bellowed and clawed at his eyes, staggering bindly.

Theresa stepped in and deftly finished him with the butt of the gun. Eddie finished him with a chair. Several ladies finished him with bottles. He was a mess.

"Shall I call the police?" Theresa asked.

Eddie looked at Monk and said, no, call a doctor.

THE popeyed one looked nervous. Eddie had Monk's pistol trained on them. The doctor and the ladies had gone.

"I tell you he ain't sore no more," the popeyed one was protesting. "Honest. He wants you to come back. He's promotin' now, and they ain't nobody else draws any gates at all."

"Yeah?" Eddie said. "How come Monk pulled a gun?"

"Whatcha expect with a crazy man runnin' at me?" Monk mumbled through his bandages.

"Yeah. If you hadn't of busted me one so quick it wouldn't of happened," said the popeye. "Monk ain't got no sense."

"Well, what'd he keep on after me for, chasin' me?"

"What the hell?" Monk grumbled. "You hit me, didn't you?"

Theresa giggled and Eddie eyed her sourly.

"Listen," Eddie told them. "You tell Flannery, if he wants me so bad, to write to me and not send no more punks like you around here tearin' up my place." He removed the shells from Monk's gun and gave it back to him. "All right, scram."

"It don't seem natural," popeye said, "you in this business."

"It don't seem natural to me, either," Eddie muttered.

They went out, and Eddie sank wearily into a chair.

Then he said suddenly, "Say! Say, I can go home now!"

"Can you?" Theresa asked. "What about our friend Andropoulos? You've heard him mention, I think, that he wants his money back?"

"I forgot," Eddie said gloomily. Then he brightened. "Say, maybe there won't *be* any business now!"

"I'll make you a bet on that," Theresa murmured absently. Then: "Eddie, I don't want to pry, but I'm terribly curious as to why you left home in the first place."

"Well—well, you see," Eddie said, "this guy, this Flannery, he's plenty tough. And he's got a mob that're plenty tough, too, and he says for me to take a dive in the sixth round. Take a dive or else, he says. Only, well, I just forgot myself. This bird I was on with kept sockin' me and I don't like it. And then in the fourth round he butt me in the nose and it made me so mad I let him have one. It knocked him colder'n a mackerel, and cost Flannery a lotta dough."

"And so—?" Theresa prompted.

"Hell, I lammed on out of town. I figured Flannery was just as liable to have me bumped off as not."

"I—see," Theresa said. "Oh, how did you happen to have a barbers' union card?"

"Found it in the park," Eddie said. "And a damn good thing, too; I was gettin' mighty hungry."

Theresa laughed. "You're the limit. Well, this battlefield has to be cleaned up. I want to get home." . . .

"I gotta meet a train," Eddie told Theresa when he came in the next morning, waving a telegram. "My—uh—my girl's coming in this morning."

"Rather short notice, isn't it? What are you going to do with her? Want me to take her home with me?"

"Huh?"

"Or is there going to be a wedding?"

"Wedding? Oh. Oh, yeah—I—I'll think about it."

The door opened violently and Mr. Andropoulos surged in. For a minute he couldn't say anything. He just glared at Eddie. But when he did get started he was pretty good.

"A fine investment you turned out to be!" he shouted. "Turnin' a nice respectable place into a—a shambles! Wreckin' equipment, ruinin' the name of the shop, ruinin' me! Runnin' off all the customers!"

"Listen," Eddie said. "Those guys won't be back. I—"

"I'll say they won't, and neither will you! I'll put somebody respectable in here. Get out, I say! Scram!"

Slowly Eddie grinned. "*Okay!*" he said delightedly.

Some one knocked on the door and Theresa opened it. "Good morning, Mrs. Andrews," she said sweetly. Eddie started. Mrs. Andrews was the lady who had been having a permanent during the fight.

"G-good morning," he said apprehensively.

"Wasn't it awful!" Mrs. Andrews exclaimed, sitting down with a sigh. "When that brute fell into my lap, I was *sure* my hair had turned white. Rather hoped it had—might be becoming. And you have a black eye! It makes you look brutal. Tell me, Mr. Pennington, how shall I have my hair set? It's been a sight ever since I finally got out of that silly machine. It's a good thing I couldn't get away before the time was up, or the wave might have been completely spoiled."

"I—I guess so," Eddie gasped. "You were sure handy with that ammonia. He mighta got me if it hadn't been for you."

"Oh, do you really think so?" She beamed. "Think of it!"

"Absolutely," Eddie assured her. "Lemme see. A low part on the right side, and don't ever let anybody tell you different, Mrs. Andrews."

"Oh, I wouldn't ever let any one else tell me, Mr. Pennington."

"Well, I mean in case I wasn't here, or something."

"In that case I'd just come back another day. Well, good morning. Don't worry about your eye. It's rather becoming."

She went on into the other room. . . .

"Listen," Mr. Andropoulos said hastily. "I was just jokin'. You can stay. I—"

"Oh, no." Eddie put on his hat. "I heard you the first time," he said firmly. "So long." He walked out with a jaunty air.

"Now you *see!*" Theresa said despairingly.

"Get him back, get him back!" Mr. Andropoulos pleaded. "Raise his salary, give him a half interest, give him—"

"It's too late," Theresa said sadly. "And he *made* this business."

MITZI jumped off the train, black curls flying, and was in his arms.

"Those are my bags over there," she murmured into his collar. "I got lonesome for you. Did you see anything of— Eddie! A black eye! They *were* here! What happened? Why don't you tell me?"

"How can I, with you runnin' on like that? Yeah, they came. Tell you about it later. Taxi!" he called as they came out of the station.

"We can go back now," he said as the taxi started.

"Oh, swell." She noticed his clothes for the first time. "Where'd you get the outfit?"

"I—I just had it," Eddie said. "I won't be wearin' 'em any more, though. Don't worry."

This one had a hard-boiled look about her.

She eyed him judicially. "But I like 'em," she said.

"You do?" Eddie looked down at himself. "Well," he admitted, "they ain't so bad when—you get used to 'em."

"When are we going back?"

"Oh, why—why, today, I guess. Sure, today—why not?" He smiled happily. The car had stopped. "Here we are." They got out and went to Eddie's apartment. "It's just a little dump—a small apartment," he said.

"It's nice," said Mitzi, looking about.

"Yeah," he murmured, "not bad. I coulda got a bigger one, way things were—" He trailed off.

"The way things were what?"

"OH, nothin'. Just a—racket." He caught sight of himself in the mirror, straightened his tie, squared his shoulders. He smiled at himself unctuously. Then he scowled and shrugged. "Well," he said, "we can find out about trains."

"What's the hurry?" Mitzi asked. "I'd like to do a little shopping. And I want to find a beauty parlor and get a good wave."

"A wave?" Eddie frowned dubiously. "You want to be careful—" He stopped uncertainly. "Uh, yeah. All right. I guess you can find one round the corner." He started pacing restlessly. "Old Andropoulos is pretty sore, I guess. Can't blame him. I have got a sorta flair for it." He dropped into a chair, gnawing a fingernail. "I guess when you come right down to it, it's sorta like—like bein' a—artist. Or something."

Mitzi planted herself in front of him, hands on her hips. "What's the matter?" she said. "Are you crazy?"

"Huh?" Eddie looked up at her. He smiled nervously. "Naw, I ain't nuts. I was just thinkin'. You go on and get your wave, and I'll—I'll be findin' out about trains."

Mitzi hesitated. "Well," she said, "if you're sure you won't start trying to pick the flowers off the wallpaper while I'm gone. I'm not sure I—"

She stopped, staring worriedly at Eddie, who was gazing vacantly ahead of him mumbling to himself.

He shot up from his chair suddenly, then stood looking about as though he didn't quite know why.

"Listen, babe, I—"

"What?" Mitzi backed up a step uneasily.

Eddie followed her, a strange light in his eyes. "Look," he said. He put his hands on her shoulders. "Look—put on your hat. We—you see, we're gonna—"

"We're gonna what?" she said, edging away.

"There's plenty of dough in it, and—you put your hat on," he ordered roughly. "We're—gonna get married."

Mitzi blinked. "What?" she asked in a whisper.

"*Married!* Can't you understand?"

"Oh," she breathed weakly. "Oh—Eddie!"

"Well, putcha hat on, why don'tcha?"

Mitzi came to life. "Let me fix my hair," she said, darting to the mirror.

Eddie fidgeted as he watched her. "It's like bein' a artist," he was muttering. "An' I got a flair for it."

She reached for her hat. He moved toward her involuntarily.

"Lemme have the comb," he said. "Look, sugar, lemme show you how you oughta fix your hair. You gotta look classy—you must look cheek, in *my* business."

THE END

Afternoon of a Husband

by

GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK PAGNATO

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

"Pardon me," said a voice on the other side of the girl.

MR. PHINEAS BARLOW of the well known firm of bunting manufacturers ("Oh, say, can you see?" —"Yes; it's Barlow's Best Bunting!") was seated on the terrace of his Florida bungalow reading the local paper.

"North Swept by Blizzard." "Twenty Below Zero in Chicago." "Traffic at Standstill in New England."

"Ah-h-h-h!" said Mr. Barlow, luxuriously lifting his face to the sun. "I'll bet it was cold last night in Bellows Falls!"

He shifted his chair to the shade of a palm tree.

"Dragnet Out for Dangerous Crooks," continued the headlines. "Governor Threatens Confidence Workers." "Lovely Lady Works Ingenious Swindle."

This last shrill cry challenged Mr. Barlow's attention and he read the story with growing interest. What successful business man can guarantee that he himself will never be the target of an ingenious swindle worked by a lovely lady?

An attractive young woman, hard pressed for cash, had sold a corner lot to the dentist who was filling her teeth. And this was the kick at the end of the story: after the smiling young woman had vanished with the money, the dentist discovered that she had never owned that corner lot except in her smiling young imagination.

"Poor devil!" thought Mr. Barlow, his sympathies, for once, all for the man with the drill. "It's bad enough to be fooled by a man. But when you're swindled by a woman you not only lose your money—everybody laughs at you, too!"

The newspaper finished in due season, Mr. Barlow turned to his correspondence. No tilting back in a swivel chair with a "Take a letter, please, Miss Beaudry." Instead, Mr. Barlow drew a writing pad from a wicker recess in the arm of his chair. From his pocket came a fountain pen. He wrote:

Dear Sam:

I've just been reading about the blizzard you're having. I'll bet it was cold along Westminster Street last night.

Mr. Barlow looked to see who had spoken. "A tout!"

The Story of a Beautiful Stranger, a Mystery Misplaced, and the Kind of Things One Doesn't Tell One's Wife

You wouldn't believe how warm it is down here. Wish you could see this place I've bought. A regular little Garden of Eden, Sam. Only there aren't any serpents—

The side screen door of the bungalow opened and into Mr. Barlow's serpentless Eden Eve appeared in the form of Mrs. Barlow.

A moment before and everything in that scene had been idyllic, serene, and lovely. But now suddenly the air was electric with tension. A single glance, if you had been there, and you would have seen at once that the age-old drama of A Man and His Wife was about to be acted again. . . .

Mrs. Barlow was dressed for bridge in white knitted silk; and a few steps behind her—like a delayed projection of herself—was another matron similarly waved, attired, and tinted.

"You haven't changed your mind about coming with us?" asked Mrs. Barlow briskly.

Phineas arose and swept his wife with his glance, hiding his pride so well that only a keen eye could have detected it.

"Good-by, dear," said he.

"You know we may not be back till late. It's one of those progressive tournaments."

This second soprano voice differed from the first, but it was greeted with the same firm masculine refrain: "Good-by, dear."

"You're sure you'll be all right by yourself?"

From the emphasis on her second word it will be clear that she was seeking to reopen an argument which hadn't been closed to her liking.

"Of course I'll be all right."

"Your lunch is in the icebox." The other matron strolled around and pretended not to listen.

"Didn't suppose I'd look for my lunch in the linen closet, did you?"

In the same low voice Mrs. Barlow responded, "Full of prunes today, aren't you, dear? I don't know. Perhaps I'd better stay home."

"Say, what's the matter with you today? Is this the first time I've ever got my own lunch? Haven't I always been all right when you've left me alone before?"

HUSBAND and wife looked at each other. By the glance of her eye alone Mrs. Barlow reminded Mr. Barlow of the day on the boat coming down when she had been seasick, unable to leave her stateroom. Whereupon in the same silent language he responded, "For heaven's sake, how many times have I got to tell you that I was only studying human nature on the boat? What did you expect me to do when the girl spoke to me that morning? Cuff her? Beat her? Throw her overboard?"

"Phineas!"

The kiss of forgiveness blended into one of thoughtful farewell. Mrs. Barlow rolled away in her friend's car.

"Ah-h-h-h!" breathed Mr. Barlow devoutly. "Now for a little peace!"

His letter soon finished, he reached again into the wicker arm of his chair and brought out two books: Murder in the Morgue, and Death by Correspondence. He had just decided on Murder in the Morgue when the retired judge who lived next door came out of his house with one of his cronies: the one with the gleaming teeth who always wore the yachting cap on the back of his head. They were carrying a rod and harness.

"Good morning!" Mr. Barlow called out.

"Morning," said the judge, his shaggy gray hair almost down to his eyes. "See you're improving your mind again."

"Just a couple of mystery stories."

"You seem to like mystery stories.

"You're right, judge. If I had my time to live over again, I think I'd be a detective."

The yachtsman stared at Mr. Barlow, his teeth gleaming in the sun. "Working on any clues now?" he asked.

"No; nothing seems to happen around here. But I'm keeping both eyes wide open. You never can tell!"

It was perhaps because he was keeping his eyes so wide open that he now became aware of the woman who had stopped on the sidewalk and was reading the sign on his lawn—a small wooden sign which bore his name and

house number, a local custom for the benefit of delivery boys and the letter carrier.

"You needn't come here, young lady," thought Phineas, taking a cautious peep between the hibiscus bushes.

Unconscious of course of his unspoken warning, the girl left the sidewalk and began to walk up the coral path which led to the terrace and Mr. Barlow. Next door, the judge backed his car out of the garage, his friend sitting by his side with a nautical list to his cap.

"I hope this girl doesn't think I'm a dentist looking for corner lots," thought Phineas with a knowing expression. And seeing that she was advancing straight to his chair, he arose—a stout gray-haired important-looking old boy with a sunburned nose and a small American flag in his buttonhole. The girl stopped, and even if Mr. Barlow hadn't been blessed with natural powers which would have made him a good detective, he couldn't have helped noticing a jaunty nose, a pair of large expressive eyes, trim ankles, a smart appearance, and a manner of excitement.

"Don't you know me?" she asked, setting down her suitcase.

But Phineas refused to catch her excitement. In an even voice he answered, "No; I'm afraid I don't."

"Then I shall have to introduce myself?"

"Seems so to me."

"Well—do I look like Dot?"

"You mean Grace's girl?"

Without otherwise answering, she placed her hands upon his shoulders and, her eyes apparently becoming magnified until he could see nothing else, she kissed him.

"If this girl's Dot she's certainly changed a lot," thought Mr. Barlow, uneasily identifying the scent of roses in his young visitor's make-up. And with that involuntary feeling of fear which occasionally comes to every husband, no matter how straight he walks the narrow path: "I wonder—I wonder if Sue had some fool sort of premonition of this—when she seemed afraid to leave me alone just now!" . . .

Like most successful business men, Mr. Barlow had been too busy to stop Time's horses, galloping down the lessening hill, to trot them around to visit his relations. Besides, his sister Grace lived in Aroostook—a good God-fearing potato-raising community, but four hundred and fifty miles from Bellows Falls.

"Why, it must be over ten years since I saw Grace last," he thought, as soon as he had caught his breath and could do simple sums again. "Dot, I remember, was wearing her hair in pigtails and her knees were bigger around than the calves of her legs. Yes, sir; if this girl's Dot, she has certainly changed a terrible lot for the better!"

"If!" thought Phineas, and a small cloud of suspicion arose in his mind. "Lovely Lady Works Ingenious Swindle!" No lovely lady, however ingenious, was going to put the beard of Capricorn on the chin of Phineas Barlow!

IN the first place, for instance, she would have to take him unawares; and Mr. Barlow, keen student of human nature whether on land or sea, solver of many an ingenious mystery before it had reached the fiftieth page of its unfolding, had never been wider awake in his life.

Why, he fairly gloated to himself, this thing was simply handed to him—brought to his table, one might say, on a silver platter, with a sprig of parsley by its side—a situation which could easily be the start of a breathless thriller with a title like Death in a Suitcase or Murder by Masquerade. Only, of course, it would finally turn out that this girl was really Dot. She must be Dot. Who else could she be? And yet—

"I thought you were in college in New London," he said, watching her closely.

She nodded—a vague nod, he shrewdly noticed.

"This is Christmas vacation," she said.

"How did you come down?"

"By car."

"Your own car?"

"My roommate's. She's been planning this trip for months, but she didn't want to come alone. Did you design this fountain yourself, Uncle Phineas?"

He followed her glance to where a popeyed pottery frog was spouting a spray of water.

"No; it came with the place." To himself he added, "Seems kind of keen to change the subject." And aloud again, more truthfully this time than he would have cared to confess, "I'm sorry your Aunt Sue is out."

"That's the worst of surprising people," the girl said. "But never mind, Uncle Phineas, *you* were in." This may sound cool, but her glance gave sudden warmth to her words—such warmth, indeed, that Mr. Barlow began to feel embarrassed.

"DO you mind if I use your phone?" she asked, picking up her suitcase. "I have my friend's number in here somewhere. Her people are down here for the winter."

The telephone was in the living room, and as soon as he had shown her where it was, Mr. Barlow returned to the comparatively safer companionship of the spouting frog. Even in his private office at the Barlow Bunting Company at Bellows Falls, Phineas would never receive a strange woman unless Miss Beaudry were also sitting at her desk between the water cooler and the hat rack.

"Now don't get excited, Phineas," Mr. Barlow cautioned himself. "Whatever you do, don't get excited. If this girl in the house isn't Grace's girl, who is she? That's the first question!"

But who was the dentist's patient, for that matter?

"Of course I could quiz her," he thoughtfully continued. "But that's going to make me look like such a fool if she really is Dot. I'd never hear the end of it. No; and I'll never hear the end of it, either, if she isn't Dot," he frowningly added, "and Sue comes home and finds her camping in here with me!"

In a mystery story which he had read the week before, a new detective had entered in a notebook every possible clue which he had been able to discover, and when these items were properly grouped it was surprising how easily the mystery was solved.

In the inside pocket of his coat Mr. Barlow found an old envelope; and on the back of this envelope he wrote the following entries:

1. Young visitor appears just after Sue leaves. *Q.* Did she wait till she saw that I was alone?
2. If Dot, she has changed a lot. Not spindly. Better shape, etc.
3. Seems to avoid references to college life. (Note: Question her later as much as possible without arousing susps.)
4. Doesn't look like Grace. Grace is more wiry type—

It was the word wiry which reminded Mr. Barlow of the supernatural wonders which had once been wrought through Mr. Morse and his system of dots and dashes.

"Why, of course!" he triumphantly exclaimed. "I'll telegraph Grace! That will clear everything up!"

On a sheet of his correspondence pad he wrote: "Mrs. Grace Bradford, Presque Isle, Maine. Want to wire Dorothy twenty-five dollars for Christmas. Where will message reach her today? Telegraph answer immediately collect."

This he folded and placed in the envelope on which he had written his first five clues.

"Now if I can get her away from here," he thought, "and keep her out of the house till I hear from Grace—"

He heard her coming then; and although forewarned

by the opening and closing of the screen door, he couldn't help the warm wave of admiration which swept over him.

In the short time that Mr. Barlow's young visitor had been in the house she had not only telephoned; she had also changed her hat and dress—the latter, due to some pannier effect of the skirt, reminding Phineas of Little Bopeep. And in recalling memories of Little Bopeep he also seemed to recall something of his own youth, when every boy had a fairy princess who has waiting for him somewhere a beautiful girl with heart of gold and eyes that shone like stars.

"The dress I was wearing was terribly dirty," she said, her smile matching her eyes. "You don't mind that I changed it?"

"She's Grace's daughter. Of course she's Grace's daughter," he presently found himself repeating. But the moment passing, he more sternly continued: "Phineas Barlow, listen to me! You're going to send that telegram just the same!" . . .

They lunched together on the pavilion of an enormous hotel which looked as if it had been designed by an inspired illustrator of those fairy tales aforesaid—a pavilion overlooking a pale-jade sea and a deep-blue sky. But first Mr. Barlow excused himself from this enchanting scene to send a worldly wire.

"A straight telegram, remember," he told the operator. "When the boy delivers it, he's to wait for an answer."

In more ways than one it was a memorable lunch. The music was dreamy, alluring. And against this harmonious and romantic background Mr. Barlow soon discovered that, whoever she might be, Destiny had given him that afternoon an admiring and beautiful young audience of one—an audience which listened to his opinions with the corked silence of respect but who greeted his humor with the bubbling wine of laughter. Once indeed, to keep himself from going under for the third time, he clutched at the straw of subtle inquisition.

"Your family is living in Portland yet?"

"'Portland'?" she repeated, looking at him either in wonder or apprehension. "Why, Uncle Phineas, we live in Presque Isle!"

"Of course she'd know that if she knew anything at all about Dot," thought Mr. Barlow, "and she must know something or she couldn't have called on me in the first place." And striving to be still more subtle: "Do your brothers like it in Presque Isle?"

"'Brothers'?" she repeated again. And then, with a softly chiding glance, "Uncle Phineas! You're trying to tease me! Do you think that's nice?"

Mr. Barlow gave it up. "I'll hear from Grace soon enough," he thought. And looking at his watch with a double intention: "Where would you like to go this afternoon?"

AS long as she could remember, she told him, she had cherished a secret desire to see a real honest-to-goodness horse race. Mr. Barlow, lighting a cigarette, nearly burned his nose. A horse race! "And haven't I read somewhere that you have perfectly wonderful races down here?"

"You shall see for yourself," said Phineas; but his surprise still lingering, he added a mental clue to the back of the old envelope:

5. She wants to go to horse race. Why?

His suspicions temporarily joined the unemployed, however, as they left the dining pavilion, the girl in front of him turning a double line of masculine heads on their vertebral sockets as surely as if she had stretched invisible hands and taken each head by an ear. Behind her Phineas walked with such a strut that he nearly achieved a slow goose step. On their way to the track in his smart new sedan he just naturally found himself talking his best again, his conversation sparkling with wit, wisdom, and a benign perception of the finer foibles of what, after all, is the human race.

"It's good to be with young ones," he found himself thinking once, "and I guess a man needs a new audience every so often—like any other actor, for that matter. The trouble with Sue—she has known me so long that she just simply takes me for granted. And as for my jokes, the only time that Sue ever laughs is when the joke's on me!"

They found two seats which were nearly in line with the judges' stand, and later Mr. Barlow would sharply recall that even as it was his young guest who had suggested the races, so also it was she who guided him to those two seats.

"OH, I'm going to love this!" she rapturously exclaimed. "Do you know what I'm going to do? I have ten dollars, and if you don't mind I'm going to make a little bet on every single race—as long as the money lasts. As a rule I'm awfully lucky whenever I bet; and wouldn't it be sweet if I could win a whole lot of money this afternoon!"

The word "money" rang in Mr. Barlow's mind till a door opened and through that open door he saw a lovely lady in a dentist's chair selling the poor old D. D. S. a corner lot which she had never owned.

"Still," mused Mr. Barlow, "if she's only going to bet her own ten dollars— But something tells me we're getting warm! I've got to keep my eyes wide open now!"

In growing excitement Little Bopeep opened the program which Phineas of the open eyes bought from a passing boy.

"First Race, Six Furlongs, Sunshade, 112," she read. "What does this 112 mean, Uncle Phineas? And this footnote—'Coupled in Betting'?"

"I'm not so sure myself," he said, frowning at the ruled columns. "Now let me see."

"Pardon me," said a deep young voice on the other side of the girl. "May I help?"

Mr. Barlow looked to see who had spoken. It was a young man with incidental waves in his hair—an ebon crop that was brushed back like a larger curving breaker from the peak of his forehead to the nape of his neck. The heavy crop of his eyebrows was relieved by a smiling mouth. He was wearing a loud plaid coat and jodhpurs, and around his neck was hung a pair of field glasses.

"A tout!" guessed Mr. Barlow with a flash of divination. "The Clarion says the tracks are crowded with them this year!" And settling comfortably back in his seat as a patron of the theater will sometimes settle back in his chair when the curtain rises on what he knows will be a darned good second act: "All right, Mr. Tout, let's see your stuff! How are you going to begin?"

The young man began, cleverly enough, by practically ignoring Mr. Barlow.

"'Six furlongs,'" he said to Little Bopeep, pointing to her program with a gold pencil. "That's the length of the first race: three quarters of a mile. '112.' That's the number of pounds which the horse must carry. 'Coupled in betting.' That refers to horses entered by the same stable. The rest is simple. All you have to do is choose your horse, make your bet, and watch the race."

During the latter part of this explanation the young man with the field glasses had been watching Little Bopeep closely, so that if you had been there and hadn't suspected the playing of a comedy bit in that sterling old drama which Mr. Shakespeare mentioned more than once, you might have thought that the young man was looking at the girl purely for his own enjoyment. Mr.

Barlow, though, had other ideas. "He's trying to tell her something," he thought. "He'll get her off by himself as soon as he can."

"It's simple enough if you know the right horse," said the girl, who had been doing a little close inspection on her own account. "Are you going to bet on the first race?"

"Ah-ha!" thought Mr. Barlow, now thoroughly enjoying himself. "That's feeding it to him!"

"I would if I could," said the young man, "but for reasons of a very private nature—" He looked at her even more carefully then, and it seemed to Mr. Barlow that she did something significant with her eyes. Whatever the message, he apparently understood it, because in a lower voice than he had used before he continued: "I had a very nice tip this morning, and I hate to think that it's practically going to waste."

"Emerging from the woodpile," thought Phineas, beamingly leaning forward so that he wouldn't miss a word.

"I was talking to one of the Duveen boys," continued the young man with the curving crest. "Roger teethed on a polo mallet, but Dick's keen for racing. This is their horse—Adventure, Number 3 in the first race—and Dick seems to have a stubborn idea that nothing can stop it from winning."

"Oh, where can I make a bet?" she breathlessly asked.

"There's a line of windows directly beneath these seats—do you mind if I go with you?"

It suddenly seemed to Mr. Barlow, however, that it would be a humorous idea to keep those two from exchanging confidences, whatever they wish to tell each other. So, rasping his voice into the rough edge of authority, he said, "Thank you," and grandly arose. "I know where those windows are. I'll take her."

His hand beneath her elbow, he guided her down the concrete steps that led beneath the grandstand. It was there that a still more humorous idea suddenly bloomed in the fertile garden of his mind.

"That young man upstairs—" he said, stepping into a quiet corner. "Don't you know that he's a tipster?"

"Why, what do you mean, Uncle Phineas?"

"Innocence!" he scoffed to himself. And to make his meaning very clear: "I mean he's a tout—a tipster—a ne'er-do-well! Tells other people how to bet their money and then expects a fat percentage if they win! Probably working with confederates."

"Then—you think I shouldn't bet?"

"Certainly not on a stranger's tip. If you want to bet, I'll show you how to do it."

FROM a passing boy he bought a copy of the Evening Clarion.

"Now, over here on the sporting page," he showed her, "is this Daily Consensus of Today's Favorites—horses which have been scientifically selected by the leading experts of the country. Here, you see, are the selections for the first race, and practically every expert has chosen Pimento to win."

"Oh, Uncle Phineas," she gently demurred. "Please—please don't think I'm stubborn, but I've never liked Pimento and I've always loved Adventure. So, if you don't mind, I still think I'll bet on Adventure."

"That's all right. It's your money. I'm going to bet on Pimento."

Each bought a two-dollar ticket and returned to the grandstand.

"I've been fighting the mob to save your seats," said the young man with the field glasses. "I hope you didn't plunge too deeply."

"I bet on Pimento," said Phineas shortly.

"But I couldn't resist Adventure," breathed Little Bopeep.

The bugle for the first race blared its stirring call, and the red-coated Master of the Field led his Indian file of head-tossing aristocrats out from the paddock and on to the track.

"Adventure is Number 3," said the young man to the girl by his side. "Purple and lavender. Will you take my glasses? Pimento's Number 2: blue blouse and red cap. Now they're going to the barrier. . . . Having a little trouble lining them up? Oh, that always happens. Now they look pretty! Now! Now! They're off!"

"Pimento's ahead!" cried Little Bopeep.

"Didn't I tell you?" scoffed Uncle Phineas.

"They can't catch him! Look, Uncle Phineas; you're winning! Here they come around the curve! Oh, look! That jockey in purple and lavender! Why, it's Adventure! Look! He's pushing forward! He's even with Pimento! He's passing! He's passing! He's won!"

A mingled roar of triumph and envy went up from the crowd when the paying odds were posted after the winner's name.

"What does that mean: $80.60?" asked Little Bopeep, with round innocent eyes.

"That's what you'll get for the two dollars you bet on Adventure," smilingly replied the young man.

Mr. Barlow, breathing hard as he tore up his ticket, studied the Clarion's Consensus.

"Now he'll think he has me on the run," he thought. "Now he'll try to trip me good and hard!"

"HELLO," said the young man in the coat of many colors, after he had helped Little Bopeep collect her winnings and they had returned to their seats. "Here's a little lady in the second race who ought to give a good account of herself."

"Which one?" she eagerly asked, leaning over to see where the gold pencil was touching.

"This one," he said in a guarded voice. "One of Mrs. Angebilt's. I rode over to the stable with her this morning, and this filly of hers, Treasure Chest, had just come in from the track—"

Phineas sneered to himself with such hearty good will that he had to cough to keep from choking.

"Because he made one lucky guess," he thought, "he can't spread it on too thick now."

"Mind you, in racing," presently concluded the young man earnestly, "the only sure thing is that nothing is sure. But speaking with all due restraint, I wouldn't be surprised if Treasure Chest wins the second race today."

"The Consensus says that Laughing Boy is the one best bet of the day," said Mr. Barlow.

"And who am I to deny it?" asked the young man courteously. "You behold in me, sir, William Worm, Esquire, than whom no one knows better that the best laid tips of mice and men gang aft agley."

"You are going to bet?" asked Little Bopeep, murmuring aside to Mr. Barlow.

"No; not this time."

"Then will you hold our seats?"

She and the young man arose together and disappeared down the runway.

"There," thought Uncle Phineas. "Now they can talk things over again. Whatever their plan was, I don't think it's working very well. I wonder what they'll hatch up now."

Memories of old race-track confidence games arose to his mind to warn him. Men who had been cheated out of twenty thousand dollars, fifty thousand—perfectly incredible amounts. And always the plot had been the same with unimportant variations. The sharper claimed that he either had inside or advance information, and the victim's confidence was obtained by first letting him win.

"So now he's feeding me a few good tips," thought Mr. Barlow, "and it must be throwing him out of his stride when I won't take them."

He had just reached this conclusion when Mrs. Angebilt's friend returned with the girl who called herself Dot.

"I'm afraid you ought to speak to your niece," said the young man. "I did my best to discourage her, but she insisted on taking all the money which she had won on Adventure and betting the whole bundle on Treasure Chest."

The girl laughed, her nose jauntier, her eyes larger than ever.

"You call yourself William Worm, Esquire," she said to the young man, "Well, I am Dorothy Doolittle, Spinster, and I have been cabined and confined for so many years that this afternoon I am breaking loose and making up for lost time. And what if I did bet all my

eighty dollars on Treasure Chest? Didn't I win it fairly and squarely by following the lure of Adventure? So, if I lose, have I lost more than two dollars?

"You'll soon know now," said the young man as the parade for the second race turned out of the paddock runway. "Here comes Treasure Chest: Number 9. Do you know, I don't like the listless way she's walking, with her head held down like that. More than ever I wish you had your eighty dollars back."

"Which is Laughing Boy?" asked Phineas.

"That lively-looking chestnut with the white star on his forehead. The one that's dancing sideways."

"Please hold my seat," said Mr. Barlow, rising hurriedly in answer to a heart-warming hunch.

He reached the betting windows in time to place fifty dollars on Laughing Boy to win, and returned to the grandstand as the horses reached the starting stalls, Laughing Boy still dancing sideways with dainty little steps. Perhaps he danced sideways, too, after the starter's flag dropped. He certainly finished among the tail-enders, just as surely as that Treasure Chest went galloping past the judges' stand a good half length ahead of a crowded, surging group of pursuers.

"Ooooh!" croaked Little Bopeep, apparently not surprised to find that she was hoarse from shouting, or that she was standing on her seat, holding fast to Mrs. Angebilt's friend for support. "How much have I won?"

They had to wait till the winning odds were posted: $28.40 for each two-dollar ticket.

"Forty times $28.40," said the young man, proudly busy with gold pencil. "There you are. Eleven hundred and thirty-six dollars!"

"I know I'm dreaming," murmured Little Bopeep, her hand at her heart, her eyes closing. "I see new dresses, new shoes, new hats all flying around me. What pretty feathers! What a beautiful dream! And, oh, Uncle Phineas," she exclaimed, suddenly opening her eyes, "I owe it all to you for bringing me here!"

"That's quite all right," said Mr. Barlow in an absent voice, for he, too, had been dreaming his dreams: a vision of fifty dollars which had grown miraculous tails and manes: fifty galloping dollars which had danced off sideways and were now mere specks in the distance.

THERE were no more exciting bets by Mr. Barlow or Little Bopeep that afternoon. For one thing, the young man with the field glasses didn't seem to know any more inside gossip, and Mr. Barlow not only felt that he had seen enough of his money canter away but, truth to tell, he didn't have a great deal more in the stable of his pocket to go galloping off with the rest. There were a few perfunctory two-dollar bets, just enough to keep interest alive; but the young man and the young woman who sat next to Mr. Barlow gradually became so engrossed in the music of each other's discourse and the pageantry of each other's expressions that they might as well have been in a castle in Spain as at a race track in Florida.

"Uncle Phineas," said Little Bopeep once, "I want you to meet Mr. McHollister, who has just told me his name. Andrew McHollister. And, Mr. McHollister, this is my uncle, Mr. Barlow. Mr. McHollister," she more confidentially continued to Phineas, "came out with friends this afternoon, but I told him I was sure you would take him back with us."

"Yes, of course," said Mr. Barlow, shaking hands; and to himself: "Something's gone wrong. They're as much surprised as I am. It may be because she won the bets that I was supposed to win. Whatever it is, I'll let things ride till I hear from Grace. It won't be long now."

On their way home the two young people sat in the back seat where they could be seen in the mirror above the windshield. And although it may have been nothing more than the freemasonry of youth, Mr. Barlow could have sworn that they had known each other long enough for acquaintance to have ripened into friendship, and friendship into that exciting close harmony without which life would often be a songless affair and fortune tellers might as well throw their cards away.

"But I'll soon know now," thought Phineas—"though I know already that I've wasted my time this afternoon. I ought to have gone fishing with that crowd next door. Now there's a real sport: fishing! And there's a real crowd! I've liked them ever since I first saw them, and the next time I see the judge I'm going to ask him if they ever have room for one more on their fishing trips. I'm going to say to him, 'Judge—'"

He interrupted his rehearsal as the car turned into the block where he had sat in his peaceful Garden of Eden only a few short hours before.

"I want to stop in for a moment to see if a telegram's come," he said over his shoulder. "Then I'll take Mr. McHollister on home."

There was no notice of a telegram under his door. But in the dining room Sue and her friend were practicing ping-pong shots.

"I was just beginning to worry about you," said Sue.

"Why about me?" demanded Mr. Barlow, instinctively on the defensive.

"I was beginning to wonder if you had been arrested too." Another thought struck her. "I didn't notice your car come up the driveway."

"No; I left it out front. I'm—er—taking some one home. You didn't get a telegram for me?"

"Taking some one home?" repeated Mrs. Barlow, hurrying to the front window. "Why—why, it looks like—why, it is! It's Dot!"

GEORGE WESTON

a native of New York who lives on a farm near Plainfield, Connecticut, and finds himself, around fifty, with a long list of novels and short stories to his credit. He chose writing for a vocation, he says, because it was one type of work that could be done while sitting down.

SHE ran down to the car, but was soon returning with Dot on her right side and young Mr. McHollister on her left.

"My dear!" she was crowing to the one on her right, "it's been nearly two years since I saw you in New London, but I knew you again the moment I looked out of the window! How have you been? How is your mother? How long are you going to be here? Come on in; I want you to meet a very dear friend. Mr. McHollister, won't you have dinner with us tonight?"

"I shall have to run home and change first."

"Oh, that's all right," said Sue briskly. "Take Phineas's car when you're ready. But there's plenty of time."

At least there was time ten minutes later for Dot and young McHollister to go out on the terrace.

"My dear!" whispered Sue's friend. "Don't you remember me telling you about the McHollisters the other day?"

"A good thing the police had gone away before he came," said Mrs. Barlow.

"The police?" demanded Phineas. "What police?"

"Oh, you missed it! That crowd next door was nothing but a gang of confidence workers—or worse! They used to take their victims fishing out in the Gulf Stream, and then they'd start playing cards and fleece them. That old man was no more a judge than you are. A mighty good thing you never went with them, Phineas, or—"

She cut herself short to answer the telephone.

"Yes, I'll take it," she said. "'Dot due in Miami today. Give her present when you see her. Love to all and Merry Christmas. Signed Grace.' Phineas, did you hear that? You're to give Dot a present when you see her. I wonder what present she means."

Phineas was down on his knees with half a dozen detective stories held in front of him, trying to stow them away in the bottom of the bookcase.

"Where are you going tomorrow?" he asked.

"Vi and I are going to a ping-pong tournament."

"A mixed tournament?" insisted Phineas.

"Yes."

"I used to play this game when I was a young fellow," he said. "I think I'll come with you tomorrow—"

"No; really?"

"Why not?" And with far more truth than poetry, "You know the way you felt this morning—you know right well it isn't safe to leave me here alone."

THE END

Public Sweetheart NUMBER ONE

A Beauty Who Reached the Heights of Fame Unveils the Hidden Things in Her Past—The Heart-Searching Story of One Who Loved Not Wisely But Too Well

READING TIME ● 33 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

VIOLET CHESTER was one of the brightest stars of the Capers of 1910. Today, still an alluring woman, she looks back over a life filled with amorous adventures and reveals the intimate circumstances that governed her career.

Sired by a drunken artist and mothered by the actress this artist loved, but never married, she grew up in the paint-and-powder atmosphere of the old New Orleans stage. Her father neglected his family while he satisfied his exotic tastes elsewhere, and, when he did return, a drunken and satanic figure, to drive her mother from her home, Violet revolted. She was only twelve but wrath gave her strength. With fists flying against his unsteady frame, she knocked him off balance. He fell and was killed when his head struck the table top. "Accident," the newspapers called it, but Violet knew it was murder.

Her mother took the orphaned family—Violet, Mildred, and Teddy—to New York, where she managed to support them with work as a seamstress and piano teacher. At seventeen Violet joined the Capers. Her fresh beauty attracted many male admirers, but it attracted also the four girls who, with her, were to become as well known as the Floradoras earlier—Cookie, Lora, Cynthia, and Rita. She fell in love with Lora's brother Archie, a young law student who danced in the show. And when Lora succeeded in thwarting this love match Violet attached herself to rich and personable Tommie Greeley.

She rejected Greeley's proposal when Archie asked her to be his dancing partner in a Long Island summer resort. A few weeks later they were married.

Anxious to break the news to Tommie, Violet asked him to come to the resort. He arrived pale and weak and complaining of a heart attack. She put him to bed in her hotel room. A few minutes later Archie knocked on her locked door but she did not open. She then told Tommie of her marriage, and when he did not answer she discovered—he was dead.

PART TWO—A DESERTED BRIDE

I SAT on the floor beside the bed staring at Tommie's poor helpless body through a glaze of icy tears. But I made no sound. . . .

Was it pain that had pulled at his lips until a gleam of teeth showed? Or had what I had told him made him that unhappy?

What I had told him. My marriage—and I remembered Archie knocking angrily at the door the moment before Tommie left the earth.

It would be such a rotten end for Tommie Greeley—dying in the hotel bed of a Capers girl—the scandal . . . when he meant the best. He was so kind.

At the window I prayed wildly and tried to think—Mother? What could she do? The manager of the hotel?

I went to the phone to call the number that had finally reached Tommie—the Long Island home of his brother. My own voice frightened me so that I dropped the receiver. I dropped beside Tommie and whispered into his dead ear:

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I slapped her wholesome little Irish cheek and it felt good. "I've been months meaning to give you that," I explained.

by DORA MACY

Author of Night Nurse

" Oh, Tommie, I should have loved you—I wish to God I had loved you instead."

Brandy cleared my vision and idiotically I stood repeating the phone number, testing my voice—at last I felt warm and safe enough to try it.

" Senator Malcolm Greeley, this is Violet Chester. Have you ever heard of me? I can't talk, but please come immediately. As fast as you can."

I hung up on his questions and sat in the darkness that was now a half-light and waited.

My phone rang shrilly and I didn't dare answer. Was it Archie? Why didn't I call him? Why was I afraid?

I was trembling when the phone quit—with nervous chills. I drank some more brandy and in spilling it realized I was still in green chiffon evening clothes. I began to change. No need for modesty with Tommie and his unseeing eyes which I could not bring myself to close.

I brushed my hair and took off all the make-up.

From the south porch came the sound of voices, shrill with liquor—the die-hards of the Langford party. It must be about two or three . . .

A knock at my door. A quiet quick knock.

" Who? " I managed.

" Greeley."

I opened the door. The moment I saw Senator Malcolm Greeley I knew that he owed his brother whatever he had or was.

This tall robust cut-rate of a hero with a faker's face was born to be somebody's puppet. The strong quiet chap on the bed had been the thinker, the guide, the money-maker . . .

The Senator went over to touch his brother as if he couldn't believe—and straightened up defeated.

"He's been ill for some time," he said finally.

"Yes, he told me. Heart."

"For over a year. Oh, longer. The doctor gave him six months." His eyes were fogged with tears.

I felt as if I were choking. Tommie had been living in the daily fear of death—he was having his last fling, I suppose, when I met him on the road. He had offered to marry me knowing he'd go soon and leave me with his name, his wealth. . . . I wondered if his wife had got her divorce yet. . . .

His brother was bent, straightening Tommie. Then he took the white bedspread and covered the whole figure with gentle and deliberate care. He turned and frowned at me.

"I'm glad you sent for me."

"I thought you'd know what to do—he doesn't deserve a scandalous exit."

"Then you won't—"

"I won't do anything," I said dully. "Except what you tell me."

He went to the phone and called the manager. Then he called a New York number.

"Associated Press? Well, this is Senator Greeley. I must get in touch with Mr. Barron. Yes, I know the hour. Call him at his home and ask him to phone me back immediately. It's imperative."

He gave the room number and hung up.

"I'm going to assemble the newspaper boys here and throw myself on their mercy. I think Tommie's reputation will have some appeal to them. You're going to tell them the whole story."

A knock. The manager, an Irishman named Dooley, stood and gaped at us. He opened his mouth as if he were going to howl like a banshee. And at that moment I began to tremble; a fit of shakes that twitched every muscle and joint in my body. The Senator picked me up and carried me into an empty room that adjoined mine and laid me on the bed.

I heard Dooley at the phone beside my bed ordering some one to bring me spirits of ammonia. From then on he spent his time walking from my room to the room where Tommie lay shrouded and where Tommie's brother sweat over the phone.

The housekeeper brought me the spirits of ammonia. She undressed me, rubbed me with some stinging lotion, and settled me under the sheets.

TOWARD seven in the morning I couldn't stand it any longer.

"I'm going to see Archie," I insisted, "and nobody can stop me."

The housekeeper called Dooley.

"O'Riley has left," he announced briefly.

"Archie—left—what do you mean?"

"Quit. Left me flat—walked out."

"He knew about all this?" I pointed to my room.

"I dunno," Dooley shrugged. "He borrowed Lew Nichols's car and beat it for New York. That leaves me in a swell spot. My eye! Tonight is Mrs. Dexter's birthday party, and I've no dancers. Can you dance alone?"

"Don't be a ninny," I snapped. "I'm going to Archie—"

"He left you a letter. I almost forgot—must be in your box. Mrs. Mack, get the girl's letter for her, will you?"

The letter put a finish to everything. Archie told of how he knocked on my door and I wouldn't answer. But he knew Tommie and I were there because he heard voices. Later he went through the upstairs sun porch and out on the balcony. He climbed up to my window and looked in. He saw Tommie half dressed on the bed and I was changing my clothes. Only the bathroom was lit and the door was open. "I don't ever want to see you again. Don't try to explain to me because nothing you could ever say would change things."

So I tore up the letter and at the window tried to take deep breaths of morning air because I felt dizzy. Because the wages of sin is death. And what is sin? A man had died in my bed, but that was no sin. The Senator was even now quietly welcoming reporters in the room across the hall.

Dooley called me. He led me into my old room. There around the bed were about nine reporters.

"Couldn't you cry?" whispered Dooley, but I shook my head.

The Senator led me to the one armchair, and then he talked. He uncovered Tommie. He told every detail of what had happened that night. Then he sketched Tommie's life and accomplishments. Inventions that had revolutionized the steel business. Charities. Summer camps for children of the workers. . . . He spoke of Tommie's son, twelve years old, and out of Tommie's breast pocket he took a wallet and showed the reporters the picture of the kid. Then, briefly, he spoke of the heart trouble and mentioned the doctor who had doomed him to six months a few years ago.

"NOW, gentlemen, his obituary is in your hands. He died in a strange bed. Any one of us might reach the same end. We've all been fair with you and told you every detail. Every one of us here would be ruined by this story, but that's the risk of the day. We could stand up to it. We're not asking for ourselves, but for the sake of a man who lived a decent life and deserves a decent death. Go and ask your boss if you can let him rest in peace."

Malcolm Greeley covered Tommie's tired face again and Dooley crossed himself. One by one the reporters filed out, the Senator and Dooley behind them.

Somehow we all knew that no paper would carry the story. And no paper ever did.

I phoned mama, but her hotel room didn't answer. Over and over I called Archie's phone number. Nobody answered. In the rear court below there was a sudden quiet activity. I looked out and saw the laundry wagon. Just beyond I caught a glimpse of Malcolm Greeley driving away. Directly behind him was a stranger driving Tommie's car.

"They're gone," I said stupidly.

"Very neatly," agreed the housekeeper. "Nobody will ever guess. They're taking his body in a laundry basket in that truck."

That did me in. I threw myself on the bed and cried like a fool.

Until mama walked in my room.

"Oh, mama," I started.

Mama took me firmly by the shoulders.

"Vi, listen to me." She spoke as if I were a long way off. "You can't afford to be sick. You have a lot to do and need your strength. Now you've done all the crying you're going to do. I've been with Dooley for the last hour," mama said grimly. "I told him a few things, too. He didn't know you and Archie were married yesterday."

"Archie's gone, mama."

"Yeah—I got Lora on the phone an hour ago. She said you'd never see her brother again. Now calm down. You and I have worse troubles on our hands."

Her voice was suddenly thick. She caught hold of my hand. Her lovely eyes were watery.

"Mildred's been hurt."

"Hurt, mama—badly?"

"Last night," she managed. "A car hit her on the highway. A hit-and-run driver. God knows how long she lay there before she was found."

Mama's face twisted into a frightful grimace and with a long struggle for breath she straightened her shoulders.

"She wanted to see the dawn. That much they got from her ravings. Delirious. She recognizes nobody yet. I remember a gypsy told her fortune—early in the summer—said if she saw the first streak of dawn on a

certain date after the harvest moon, her whole life would be changed."

Her hands went up into the air and then pushed her white hair severely back from her tortured face.

It flashed through my mind—but it couldn't possibly be . . . it couldn't have been Archie who had hit Mildred and ridden off . . . driving like a madman in his rage of jealousy—in a borrowed car. No, not possibly . . . ?

"Leaving a child helpless," mama's voice went on. "So they can't even tell yet what's the matter with her—and when it comes time to hear, maybe we'll wish the man that hit her was a murderer . . ."

We stared at each other. Mildred at fourteen—just beginning life.

I got up and put my arms around her, holding her close.

"Mama, let's go to her," I whispered.

She pushed me away gently, and shook her head.

"No, I'll go later. Now listen to me."

Mama's voice was monotonous, and very businesslike.

"You will stay and dance tonight. Yes. You love us. More than yourself and your own sorrow. Once I went through tragedy too, Vi. Heartache and loss of the one I loved. I carried on for you—for Mildred and Teddy. You'll do it for us now."

I nodded as if hypnotized.

"You'll be smart," she went on. "You'll take care of yourself. You won't give way. I've fixed it with Dooley. You can finish the season and have the whole fifty a week. We need the money."

"Yes, mama."

"DOOLEY will let Teddy and me stay here too. Free. He's a good man. It's not charity. You're popular here. The guests like you. You're worth more than he's ever paid you. We need money now, and we're going to get it."

Her head went up.

"Repeat that to yourself," she said like she was mesmerizing us both. "We want money. Money and comfort. Everything to make up to Mildred. We're going to be successful from now on, us Chesters. Nobody will stop us. It means no more drinking. No more parties. It means study and work. It means scheming and plotting. Day and night. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, mama."

"That's an oath," said mama.

I danced that night and it was pretty awful. When mama got home from the hospital, Dooley told her so.

"Dooley," said mama, "she needs this job. She's got to have it."

"Yeah," said Dooley glumly. "But I need entertainment."

"You'll get it," said mama. "Give us time to think."

Even Dooley had no answer to the look in her eyes.

"How's Mildred?" I dabbed my eyes dry.

"She's the same. Still unconscious.

SUNBURN warning

Sunburn is fire-burn—just as painful, just as serious as any other burn. Treat sunburn seriously—with the tested, proven burn remedy —UNGUENTINE.

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Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

1883 – 1935 Norwich SUNBURN HEADQUARTERS

Unguentine

We can't do anything about Millie, but maybe we could do something about you. How bad are you?"

"I only know one routine alone," I protested.

"Let me see it."

I went through my routine as best I could in the space.

"It's terrible," she said.

We sat without a word for what seemed ages. Then mama got up, with a little sound of triumph. From behind the bureau she picked up a soiled Teddy bear.

"Now," she said solemnly, "we'll get a costume like that. As a Teddy bear you'll be cute and the dancing won't matter. Now let me see your routine with a partner."

I got up. I went through the dream waltz that Archie had taught me—the waltz we had danced together every night.

"That faraway lovesick expression is grand," said mama sourly. "We'll get you a rag doll to dance with. Man-sized, in a Tuxedo."

I FINISHED the season at the hotel. In my Teddy bear costume I was "darling"; with my rag-doll partner they screamed with delight. That's what gave Lora O'Riley the chance to call me heartless. Carrying on without Archie and as good as making fun of him!

I called Archie's home so many times, but I always got Lora. I guess she slept by the phone. When I heard her hand-trimmed soprano, I hung up without speaking.

Outside of that I had little time to try to piece together my torn marriage. I was chasing to the hospital, thirty-two miles away, to see Mildred. For five unbearable days she was delirious—unconscious. Then after a long silent sleep she woke to recognize mama. Her left side was a mangle. Her strength was so low that they could only work piecemeal. . . . Our days were one long endless stretch of suspense.

Mama and Teddy moved to the hotel. Mama slept with me but was all day at the hospital.

One day I got a letter from Lora asking me to start annulment proceedings. There was a scrawl of Archie's on the back of the sheet. "This will mean a lot to me as soon as you can arrange it." I dug up a lawyer and wrote the O'Rileys that I was obliging.

Mama was getting more purposeful every day. She kept me at practicing hours on end with the dummy to get more laughs.

So I hadn't much time or thought for Teddy. He was a silent kid, brooding and given to melancholy—or so it seemed to me. He diddle-daddled constantly with crayons, paints, pen and ink. Reminding mama and me constantly of his father. Which roused no great love in my soul for the kid. But bridged mama with her past, and consequently she was full of a great tenderness for him and spoiled him—as she spoiled my father.

So I got to leaving Teddy severely alone. It was better than bickering.

My sister's accident got whispered around, and everybody was sympathetic and helpful.

The first friend of mine to show up was Cookie Buckham. And was I glad to see that little blonde liar. She stayed with me several days.

She lied about everything but my act. Cookie always talked sense when it came to work, and she knew the goods when she saw it. She insisted that Ratzoff ought to see me do the dummy dance and that she'd make him come down if she had to chloroform him.

I got it that she knew all about my marriage to Archie and had come to find out if it were really true and, if so, how I was bearing up. So she could go back and tell. But even so I was glad to have her. Even when she elaborated on all the poisonous things Lora O'Riley spread about me. Even when she said, "Archie had wun off with anotha guwl—pwobably on the webound. And Lowa won't say a wohd whewe he is"—I didn't blink. I said to myself, if Cookie doesn't know gossip she'll make it up on order. He never "wan away with anotha guwl."

Cookie left the night that Cynthia Lark came to see me. She couldn't stand Cynthia on or off the stage. Off she went lisping her pwomise to come back and bwing Watzoff. I didn't believe she could do it.

I hadn't seen Cynthia since I had waked up with a hang-over in her Boston hotel room.

Cynthia sent a message to my dressing room:

> I'm just staying overnight and I must talk to you. Come to room Annex 4 right away.
>
> CYN

That signature was pally. It was a coaxing come-on. Everybody called her Sin but she seldom gave anybody the right to.

I went adolescent and proceeded to dally. I talked to lots of people and then went up to welcome mama back from the hospital and stayed for detailed accounts of Mildred's condition.

Then I went over to Annex 4.

CYNTHIA was perched on the bed cutting her toenails. She had on a satin nightgown, and over it she wore an old brown sweater. The two windows were wide open and the foggy salt air blew through the room.

"Hello, Sin," I said.

She smiled at me.

"Hello, Punishment," she answered. "Are you sure you made all the delays you could? I've only been waiting two hours."

"I didn't ask you to come down here to quarrel with me, or pry into my affairs. If you want a version of Archie, his sister will give it to you."

Cynthia stared at me.

"And who is Archie?"

"Oh, come off."

"No, I really don't know. You might as well tell me. I'll hear sooner or later. What's Archie's name?"

"He's Lora O'Riley's brother. We were married. We quarreled on our wedding night. He says I had another man in my room. He rushed off in a fury and I haven't heard from him since."

"And who was the man in your room?"

I flushed.

"Nobody," I answered and tried not to look nervous.

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NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE WORTH LOOKING FOR

She stared at me. "I hadn't heard of your marriage. I'm behind on scandals. I spent the summer in Quebec, going native and getting strong."

Something was seriously on her mind and I began to feel uneasy.

"I came back after I read of Tommie's death," she said quietly. "Of course, Violet, I don't blame you, really—"

"What do you mean, blame me—blame me for what?"

Suddenly her dark eyes filled with tears.

"Blame you—blame you—for falling in love with him. I'm a fool to come to you, but I can't help myself. I have to know about him. I've argued with myself. I've said, if she has any feeling she'll tell me."

I went over and put my hand on her shoulder.

"I didn't know you loved him," I blurted stupidly.

"You didn't know? You didn't know you took him away from me?"

I shook my head.

"You were too drunk," she decided, and gave a short laugh. "That night in Boston—I always thought you knew. He never really cared for me, though."

She leaned back against the pillow and closed her eyes.

"You know, Cynthia, he never told me—about the heart."

"Queer," she said, and she was struggling to keep her voice even. "I met him just after his doctor had given him a death sentence. He was out for all he could get in six months. I was mad about him, but I knew I was just a party to him. And in six months he didn't die. You met him in the eleventh month, and he was calming down. Maybe he always resented my knowing. I guess I showed pity, you know, or extra care—mothering him. Maybe that's one way I lost him."

SUDDENLY her heavy dark eyes narrowed on me, and she got to her feet.

"How could you marry—this whoever it was—when you had Tommie?"

"Cynthia, I didn't love Tommie."

Her great height seemed suddenly to frighten me. I looked up.

"You let him know? You told him?"

"Of course—I—he understood—"

"How could you? He adored you. He worshiped you. I know. You stood for everything he had missed in his youth."

"But—he always knew about Archie, from the start. He understood."

"Played both ends for the middle. Of course he understood," she stormed. "That was rotten of you. Gutter rotten."

I stood up, my own temper flaring.

She stepped back, her hand crawling around her sweater buttons.

"I'll tell you what I think. I think you're scum. I gave him up to you because he loved you. And wanted you. And you cheated him. You kept him dangling around and you never gave him what he wanted. That's the dirtiest trick a woman can play, and you'll get paid back for it. Yes, go ahead—get out of here."

I rushed out, slamming the door, and ran to the end of the little hallway.

I went down to the beach. Crying. Crying for my hurt pride. Crying for all the things I wished I had said—if only I'd thought of them. Because dully I knew she was right and I had let Tommie die unhappy. And then, thinking of Archie and his self-assertive youth. The dearness of his boyish ways; all the sweetness in him that needed me and had reached out to me for love and partnership.

AND from Archie my thoughts went to Lora. The things she said about me. The way she kept us apart and the way Archie let her. It seemed as if everybody I knew was miserable. Mildred—God knows how that child would come out of the hospital if she came at all. Mama, because of her—and all the unhappy years she had spent with my father. Teddy, for the streaks of artistic gangrene his soul had inherited.

"Aren't you cold?"

A tenor voice that you just knew belonged to a fat man startled me. I looked up and gazed bleakly at a huge suit of evening clothes with a shadowed face above it. Gradually I made out the features. I couldn't quite remember the name for them, but I recognized him as one of the loudest spenders of the summer colony. Several times in the past months he had made elaborate bids for my attention. And I had elaborately ignored them. I knew he was splashy, boisterous, and a drinker.

"If I was cold I'd go inside," I said shortly.

With a soft and somewhat hurt grunt, he turned and walked away down the sand. I was just starting to be ashamed of such rudeness when he walked back to me.

"Miss Chester,"—his high voice was shy—"I'd like to be of some help. I heard you crying." He was really embarrassed now. "I—well, we've all heard about your little sister, you know. I thought maybe I could help—"

Still I was silent. I just didn't like him.

"After all, everybody in Long Island knows Lester Roth." The tenor voice was safer as it swam through such a familiar remark. "I mean, the biggest child specialist in the country is a member of my club—"

Again he paused. I don't know why, but I couldn't even thank him. That overweight figure with the underweight voice just seemed to add to the stupidity of existence.

"Perhaps I'd better speak to your mother about it," he muttered.

Again a slight pause, and then he turned and plodded away from me along the sand.

As soon as I saw him leaving I was

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sorry. "Lester!" I called, and marveled at my natural use of his name.

He came back to me slowly, throwing his cigarette away.

"I'm sorry if I was nasty," I said.

"Oh, that's all right. I know you must be sad. Gosh, and you dancing every night like that. I've often said—you don't know how I admire you for it all—Violet."

The way he spoke my name depressed me. I was sorry I had called the slob back.

"Let's not talk about it," I said firmly. "I have a dreadful raging mad headache."

"Oh my! Can I get a sedative?"

"No, I'm not much on medicines. What I'd really like is a swim."

"At this hour?"

"What time is it?"

He yanked out a watch from a pocket at his belt and lit a match.

"Ten past three," he said.

"I think it's a fine hour."

He peered at me.

I caught hold of his hand.

"I dare you to come swimming with me. Just a splash."

He was really laughing now, almost at ease.

"If we're seen, and there's scandal, you won't mind?" he parried. You could tell there would be nothing that would tickle him more.

"It won't be in the papers. Now you go up and find Mrs. Mack. She's the housekeeper. Tell her I want the key to the bathhouse and my suit."

I watched him amble up the bank of goldenrod until he disappeared toward the hotel. He was one of those men you could manage like a three-year-old. He was stupid as a mule and vain as a woman. If you could overlook his gross habits, he'd give the same adoration as a lumbering overplayful dog.

And I needed a slave.

I got talked about, of course, the moment I "took up with" Lester Roth. I certainly didn't love him for his money, but I certainly didn't hate him for it. It supplied Mildred with a private room, the best doctors on tap, special nurses, and every known distraction. It supplied mama with a huge corner suite in the hospital to be close to Mildred. It gave Teddy entree to the swankiest military academy in Virginia.

ALL that Lester's money did, before he even made love to me. From the night of our moonlight swim he attached himself to me.

Anything I did was right with him; I was perfect. I could cry and storm on his shoulder and Lester understood.

The night we heard about Mildred I went completely out of my mind.

Her leg had to be amputated. . . . Lester saw me through that.

Then there was the day that mother and I had to go to the Supreme Court House at Foley Square, New York, for the hearing of the annulment case. My mother testified as to the date of my birth and I went through the hell of testifying that my marriage had not been consummated. Our lawyer, who seemed pleased by the whole business, told me that the case, being undefended, could be referred to an "official referee" and that within thirty to ninety days the decree of annulment would be granted automatically.

And Lester saw me through that.

A few weeks later he spunked me up to face Ratzoff. Cookie phoned she was bringing the producer, and Lester gave me spirit enough to want to make my dance a hit.

"IT'S a big chance, little thing," he explained, and his full face, pinkish with liquor, was solemn. "Not only because of the job and the money. It ain't that. But you owe it to your mother. You can't fall down on a chance like this. Besides, when you retire it would be nice to have a little reputation to point to. Instead of just the chorus. I mean—listen, little thing. You know you can marry Lester any day in the week. But you can't be a principal in the Capers every year."

"We'd make a swell couple, Lester."

"You think it's funny. I'd be better to you than the collitch boy that walked out on you. I'd be awful good to you, little thing."

"I'm never going to marry."

"That's what I always said"—he grinned—"until I met you. You see, I'm tired of fancy women."

But I had lost interest in the conversation. I just sat brooding. After a few attempts to make me join him, Lester went right on. Talking. Endlessly. I got up in the middle of one of his rambles and went to my room.

I didn't twitch and get a fit of trembling when Ratzoff showed up. There was a party of eight, with Cookie Buckham wiggling with delight and Ratzoff so sleepy from a week at the race tracks that he watched me through drooping and heavy eyes. After my show I sat at their table, Lester ordering right and left. Ratzoff met up with some friends and left our table. He was gone for two hours. Lester saw me getting too tired to hold my head up. So he left the table too. In about twenty minutes he was back with Ratzoff. There were the usual partings, and finally with a tone of exasperation Cookie pulled at Ratzoff's lapel.

"Well, what's the ansa about Violet?" she demanded.

Ratzoff smiled at me and patted my hand.

"Rehearsals on the eleventh," he said and shined his derby with his coat cuff.

The next morning mama walked into the room. It was the first time she had left the hospital since Mildred's operation.

Now I was run-down, she explained. It was my duty to the family to build up strength. She and Lester had told Dooley—and I had quit—I was finished at the hotel, and all perfectly friendly. (How much had that cost Lester? I wondered.)

She herself had to stay at the hospital. She would take Teddy until he would go to the military academy. I was to stay in bed, under doctor's care, with a nurse at my side, until the twentieth of August—twenty days. Lester had suggested getting one of the girls to stay with me, and Cookie suggested Rita—the fifth of us girls who were so much a part of each other's lives.

Rita Hartley was poor as a drought crop. One day she was to make her fame playing an insufferable brat. Rita, dressed like a ten-year-old, snapping elastics under her chin, would be the national symbol of *une enfant terrible.*

Rita wouldn't leave town, Cookie explained—probably some man—so eventually I was moved into the city. Here Lester engaged what was then known as a flat for us.

I couldn't get Archie out of my mind. The need of him was so great I couldn't keep my thoughts on anything anybody was saying. I finally blurted it out to Lester.

YES, Lester saw me through that, too. He went to see the father who had married Archie and me. And then we got a clear story.

Archie had been in jail for speeding and a few other things. He had smashed up a friend's car—that night he drove away from Long Island—his wedding night. He refused to let Lora pay his fine, and so served his thirty days. Then he felt he owed his friend the price of a car. Hence he had left college and gone into vaudeville. No, the father did not know what circuit, what act, what town.

It again flashed through my mind—the insane thought that Mildred's accident and Archie's mad drive to New York had been on the same night and just before dawn. Not that that proved anything. . . .

Mama moved back into town—and yanked my thoughts from myself and my romantic broodings. Based on the fact that I would get two hundred dollars a week, mama found two floors, at one hundred and fifty a month, of a huge house on Riverside Drive. With a deftness that nobody understood she cut out all of Lester's largess.

"It's one thing to let some one help you when you're in trouble," she said frigidly. "It's another thing to bleed somebody."

And when I protested that Lester felt hurt and left out of it all, mama sniffed.

We had no maid. We had no nurse for Mildred. I did my share of both jobs and no nonsense about it. I was forbidden any parties. It was early to bed and early to rise and never an idle moment.

The theater made me nervous because of Lora. Her success that year put her name up as a star. And a more disagreeable highhanded star never existed. The trouble was, she was always right.

So I dreaded going into the theater, lived on pins and needles while I was there, and left with a feeling of escape.

The annulment papers came the first week in December.

In the late afternoon I went home and handed them to mama, without a word. Then I walked out of the house.

It was about four in the afternoon. I found myself walking over to Cookie's. She received me with open arms. And we talked and cried together and I drank champagne with her. I hadn't been used to liquor, and I had been on a very careful diet. The stage that night slipped around under my feet during my dance.

When I came off, Lora stood in the wings. She made some crack about female souses.

"Bridget," I said, "you've been spoiling for trouble and you're going to get it."

I slapped her wholesome little Irish cheek and it felt good.

"I've been months meaning to give you that," I explained, and then got heady with success. "And while I'm at it, here's one for the whole cast."

And I smacked her again.

But a lot of good it did me. I was fired.

I hadn't the nerve to tell mother what happened. So night after night I'd go out and come back on time—and Wednesday matinee the same.

But Saturday and pay day had to come.

On Friday I married Lester. And he gave me the one

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wedding present I most wanted. A chance to see Ratzoff and explain the whole case to him. That night Ratzoff (and most of the Capers cast) came to our big and spontaneous wedding dinner at Delmonico's.

"I want to apologize," I told Ratzoff in a quiet moment.

"All right," he shrugged. "But you're a fool. You've got everything in the world but character. You got all the makings of a star. Except what it takes."

"It's just my temper."

"Just! That's all that stands between you and success. Don't think you'll make a go of marriage either. I give this peculiar alliance a year."

We spent about a week in New York partying. Celebrating. Letting the world know how happy we were and how proud Lester was.

But Lester as a lover just *wasn't!* Not that either of us admitted it or ever faced the facts. There was always some vague unforeseen interference; the bridal night party lasted until noon the next day; Lester's house was overcrowded with out-of-towners who were pressed to stay overnight. Party merged into party.

Possibly a smarter or older girl would have guessed Lester early in the game. At any rate, his marriage to me seemed to supply him with intense personal satisfaction. There was defiance and triumph in his high voice when he said "My wife" and when he boasted of marrying one of the well known Capers girls. There was a secret understanding established between us, and we never referred to the subject. I've known many rich men since, but I've never known a man who was so completely used as a sucker as Lester. The only human being I ever met who gave a damn was the little upstate aunt who came for one brief day to see us off to Europe. She, I knew, loved him like a son.

We had a mob to see us off to Europe, so by the time we sailed Lester was too tight to be fit for human companionship. I pretended to be quite ill. I urged him to go up and mix with the passengers. And was pleased when he met with several "old friends." But two nights with them and he staggered into our suite, bumping into everything and sprawling flat. I got up and tugged at him. Feebly he tried to help himself, and I got him into bed. Poor Lester and his good times.

I turned away, on the verge of tears. Suddenly I got dressed. Put on the long squirrel cape that Lester had bought me, and left the cabin. It was very late. I went two decks below and up front I found a little nook that protected me from the stinging cold wind and yet gave me a full sweep of the bow bobbing in the blackness.

"Violet!"

I turned, frightened at the sound of my name. There was nobody near me. My imagination was doing things to me. That voice—

"Violet!"

My heart was louder than the beat of the engines. On tiptoe, I leaned over the rail. There, a deck below me, his face upturned, was Archie.

What will be the outcome of this strange meeting? Is Archie seeking forgiveness? Is their meeting purely accidental—another strange twist of fate in Violet's jumbled life—or does Archie know of her second marriage and wish only to taunt her by his appearance? Don't miss next week's installment for more startling episodes in this lively novel.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—When and where was the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks founded?

2—What world-famous person was also known as Sakya Muni, Siddhartha, Gautama, or Sakya in addition to the name by which he was universally known?

3—What is the difference between an idiot and an insane person?

4—Is Sir Bernard Partridge a scientist, author, politician, artist, or actor?

5—Which of these words is misspelled: pre-monetary, pre-existance, preprophetic, precipitate, preacquired?

6—Is James Young Simpson celebrated as an author, artist, surgeon, or scientist?

7—Who should announce the engagement of a couple: the bride, the groom, or the parents of either or both of them?

8—Before a ship is "given pratique," is she dry-docked, searched for contraband, or medically inspected?

9—Are there more automobiles or telephones now in everyday use in the United States?

10—What common domestic animal was at one time deified and is still an object of superstition to many people?

11—What is the difference between immanent and imminent?

12—What is the real name of the Statue of Liberty?

13—What nations in addition to the United States celebrate national days during July?

14—On June 30, 1934, how much was the public debt of the United States?

15—What common English word means both color and a noise?

16—Is Cape Cod incorrectly named?

17—The terms "devise" and "bequeath," as used in a will, are connected with what?

18—Is Walter Elias Disney an actor, architect, artist, athlete, or author?

19—In the World War, when was the first formal declaration of war made?

20—Are fencing, musketry, and methods of warfare taught in the College of Arms?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

Oriental, Sentimental, Diabolical

Gable and Harlow and Chinese Bandits in a Lusty Tale of Adventure; a Well Beloved Novel Agreeably Filmed, and Some Modern Improvements on Poe

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

by BEVERLY HILLS

Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in a scene from the thrilling and romantic picture China Seas.

READING TIME
12 MINUTES
5 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ½ CHINA SEAS

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Robert Benchley, Rosalind Russell, Dudley Digges, C. Aubrey Smith, William Henry, Carol Ann Beery, Akim Tamiroff, and others. Directed by Tay Garnett. Story by Crosbie Garstin.

CHINA SEAS marks the triumphant return of Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Wallace Beery to the unadulterated characterizations that gave them their original screen popularity. Unabashed movie stuff, with no pretensions to anything but hard-fisted and thoroughly engrossing entertainment, this hardy tale of Chinese bandits, water-front gals, liquor-soaked seamen, and the various colorful folk of the Oriental oceanways comes as an honestly realized, smartly constructed melodrama of punch and appeal.

Brilliantly directed by Tay Garnett, China Seas opens brightly and holds suspense through the overlapping incidents, building to the highly exciting sequence wherein the bandits terrorize the passengers and torture Captain Gable in an attempt to locate the gold in the ship's hold. Gable is superb as the English ex-patriot skipper, being especially effective in the excruciating torture scenes, and carrying the amatory interest with Miss Harlow—a fascinating remainder from his drunken shore leave—in the same bawdy yet touching manner of their co-operative hit, Red Dust.

Wallace Beery, too, is at his best in this lively picture. When this lumbering actor forsook wickedness for whimsey, the screen lost one of its deadliest villains. But China Seas finds him once more the complete blackguard, an unscrupled robber of the seas who works from the inside to plan the Chinese attack on Gable and his rich cargo. When Miss Harlow finds Captain Gable no longer the charmingly rough playboy of the waterfront bordellos but a businesslike sailor nostalgic for England and Rosalind Russell, the platinum-thatched torso tosser throws her lot with Beery. Together they raid the ship's arsenal and pave the way for the marauding Chinese.

Expertly photographed, well mounted and contrived in a nice balance of comedy and excitement, China Seas can stand as a model adventure film. While it is designed for its stars, the entire cast is splendid: notably Lewis Stone as a reformed coward; Rosalind Russell, again as Miss Harlow's altruistic rival; and Robert Benchley, an inebriated writer who says such things as:

"Don't look now, but I think my stomach's full of butterflies."

VITAL STATISTICS: It has taken four years of writing to prepare China Seas. Practically every crack writer in Hollywood has had a crack at it and has been sunk in the effort—scenarists Jules Furthman and James K. McGuinness finally licking it, coming through, like the marines, when all seemed lost. Accordingly, story costs on picture have been enormous and, with its topheavy cast, picture cost po-lenty—some say around a million. All agree, however, it will make its money, plus; which seems to be the thing. . . . This is a reunion of Gable-Beery-Harlow, who played together in Secret Six. Beery was the only big shot in them thar days. Now it's hard to get a thousand dollars between their salaries. . . . Jean Harlow hopes the next five years will be the hardest. She spurns, says her press agent, the rut. She wants to reach out and grasp the higher things on the tree of Art. She writes short stories when she's not fixing her hair, and publishes them modestly under a nom de plume. She's busy on a 100,000-word novel to be called Today Is Tonight. . . . The higher Gable goes the simpler his tastes become. They're at the simple point now where he likes to hobnob with lion hunters and fishermen. He likes bridge, ten-cent-store tobacco, skeet shooting, and getting simpler and simpler. . . . Wallace Beery believes screen acting the ideal education for a girl, so he's

bringing up his baby to be a screen actress. She's Carol Ann, is four, and makes her debut in this one. Beery once trained elephants for the Ringling Brothers. Had a birthday during China Seasing. First birthday cake proved made of wood; second of cotton; third, which was real, he wouldn't attempt, so stared aghast to watch rest of cast devour it. . . . C. Aubrey Smith is an Old Boy from Charterhouse, England; also Cambridged a while. Defied everybody and went on English stage when younger sons were flinging wide the Empire. Still has his bit of cricket and tiffin despite years and Hollywood. . . . Robert Benchley arrived in Hollywood prepared for any emergency. His baggage contained one (1) trained monkey with feather duster and ginger ale; one (1) bowl of goldfish, assorted colors; one (1) tame ocelot to run errands and catch fish; two (2) potted palms; one (1) wicker bird cage with parrot speaking eleven (11) languages, including the Scand; one (1) pair of ear muffs, fur-lined; one (1) tropical helmet containing folding icebox. . . . When Dudley Digges came to these shores from Dublin in 1904 to play in John Bull's other island, a manager changed his name to Denis Roche, thinking that sounded more Irish.

★ ★ ½ KEEPER OF THE BEES

THE PLAYERS: Neil Hamilton, Betty Furness, Emma Dunn, Edith Fellowes, Hobart Bosworth, Helen Jerome Eddy, Marion Shilling. Directed by Christy Cabanne. Story by Gene Stratton Porter.

WITH Columbia's graduation from the quickie ranks to an important production spot in the studio scale, energetic little Republic Pictures seems likely to maintain its position as head of the independent picture makers. Its latest offering, Gene Stratton Porter's Keeper of the Bees, is better entertainment than the average so-called "program picture" turned out by the major studios.

This gently sentimental story of a war-racked veteran who finds new health and happiness through the kindly encouragement and guidance of a beekeeper, Hobart Bosworth, comes as a pleasant, casually humorous little picture. Neil Hamilton gives one of the best performances of his long career as the soldier, and it is due mainly to his sensitive playing and Adele Buffington's disciplined adaptation that the film never sinks to bathos.

Not weakened by the inferior sets and shoddy camera work that have cheapened so many pictures of the small companies, Keeper of the Bees is an adequately if not richly produced item in which Betty Furness, Helen Jerome Eddy, and a child player, Edith Fellowes, assist Neil Hamilton and Hobart Bosworth in making a thoroughly clean and often charming bit of film fare for the whole family.

VITAL STATISTICS: Unchecked by the Supreme Court, the sweetness-and-light pictures sweep on, shedding relaxing dullness over the movie public and thousands into the pockets of the producers. . . . Trem Carr, head of Republic, formerly Monogram, promises two more in his Gene Stratton Porter cleanies group, which he started with The Girl of the Limberlost, a sugary bit that cost under a hundred thou and netted about three fourths of a million. . . . By changing its name and expanding its program, Republic Pictures hopes to emulate a former quickie factory dubbed FBO which overnight became RKO and stepped into the big time. . . . The Mrs. Porter estate is in the hands of her only daughter, Mrs. Jeannette Porter Meehan, recently divorced from Leo Meehan, Hollywood writer-director. Dotter Meehan has written one book, a biog of her mother, who was killed in an auto crash some years ago. Average Porter book now brings about $20,000 in movie sale. . . . Neil Hamilton wants the world to know the fan-mag winchells are all wrong about his marital setup, which he claims is all honey-and-almond cream. Neil's a bug on hiking and there isn't a trail around Hollywood that doesn't know his bunions. He gave up bicycling for foot derbying. . . . It took about eleven days to make this ducky idyl and the bee farm at Malibu Lake was used for the beekeeping buzzness. . . . Clara Bow and Robert Fraser made a silent version some years back for FBO (Film Booking Offices). Each is still around but not going anywhere in particular. . . . Hobart Bosworth played in The Girl of the Limberlost along with Baby Peggy so naturally they wanted to use him in this. Baby Peggy, now a tall gangling girl of about sixteen, was left out, there being no part for her. Bosworth supported her in Captain January back in the good old days when they made gin in a bathtub. Bosworth, once the screen's heaviest heavy, made his smash, as they say, sensation as Wolf Larsen in The Sea Wolf. . . . Helen Jerome Eddy's another old-timer. She started with Lubin back in 1915; and was directed by Christy Cabanne (Cab-an-ay), who megs this one, in Triangle Pictures. If memory serves me, she's never married happily or unhappily, despite the fine lads that've been around her. Ran the Frog Footman, a Pasadena tearoom, for some time. . . . Betty Furness is a highly polished product of every fashionable finishing school in the East. The gal's so fine-turned she's all sheen. Borrowed from M-G-M, she's being touted as the best dressed member of the younger set. . . . Director Christy Cabanne is an Annapolis grad and got his movie start as technical adviser on this or that. He's a free lance now.

★ ½ THE RAVEN

THE PLAYERS: Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Irene Ware, Lester Matthews, Samuel Hinds, Inez Courtney, Ian Wolfe, Spencer Charters, Maidel Turner, Arthur Hoyt. Directed by Louis Friedlander. Story by Edgar Allan Poe.

EVER since The Phantom of the Opera, which starred the late contortionistic Lon Chaney, Universal studio has been Hollywood's foremost bogey home. When, recently, The Bride of Frankenstein grossed enough money within a few weeks after its release to stave off the studio's impending bankruptcy, Universal became so completely in love with the chiller idea that their writers are

What's the matter with Me and Men?

"HERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at — and I love a good time!"

• • • •

Poor girl! How surprised and chagrined she would be if she knew why she is left at home alone.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how attractive she may otherwise be.

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now limiting themselves to the single word "Boo!"

Latest of these hair curlers is The Raven. About the most amazing thing in this thoroughly amazing picture is that the story is credited to none other than Edgar Allan Poe. But the picture breaks down Poe's dark brooding to melodramatic size and evolves a complicated story of thwarted love and a revenge which includes swinging pendulums and other neat devices for torture, all of which, it is assumed, were implied by the bed-perched raven's guttural mumbling.

Poor Karloff continues to be an experimentalist's delight. In this, Bela Lugosi, of Dracula fame, disfigures the former Mr. Frankenstein and then uses him as a means for carrying out his evil designs. The story never quite makes sense, but the main thread concerns Lugosi's determination to repay the girl who spurned his love. This is carried out with a scheme of inhuman torture for all who block his path and gives the film its reason for being, along with many moments to scare those of the audience who are dead-bent on being scared.

VITAL STATISTICS: No vestiges of Poe's original black bird remain in the story, except that Dr. Bela Lugosi, the film's heheheher, is a nut on Poe and has a lot of stuffed ravens, pits-and-pendulums, and other Poevian inquisitorial gadgets about. . . . Poe probably got that way because his guardian used to stand him, a boy of eight, on a table at big dinner parties, and make him drink to the company's health. It sort of started him. He died poor but his books have made millions for Lord knows whom. . . . Contrary to what you'd expect, Karloff doesn't eat his young. He was born, not in a den of writhing serpents, of a werewolf and a dragon, but on November 23, 1887, in harmless Dulwich, a banal suburb of London, of James Pratt, of the British Indian Civil Service, and a wife who was nee Karloff. Christened (and not in blood) William Henry Pratt, he borrowed Granddaddy Boris Karloff's moniker when Thespis yoohooed. The baby of the fambly, which numbered eight, he had a conventional British Civil Service training, which he ditched in 1909 for the more romantic life of a Canadian farmer. The next twenty years were a struggle alternating between bits in industry and bits in grease paint. Now he is *in*—the menace of menaces. In private life (I bet you knew this was coming) Pratt—beg pardon, Karloff—is culturedly English, quiet, charming, and every inch the fine fellow. He's married to a nonpro; has no children. It takes hours for Karloff to adjust his make-ups, but he gives credit for their conception to Jack Pierce, Universalist maker-upper. He took 300 hours making up for Frankenstein—that is, all in all. . . . Irene Ware was Miss America some years back, and screamed a few tonsils loose yelling at Karloff.

COMMENT

Made by the producers of La Cucaracha, Becky Sharp is done in the new process which films any shade accurately. In it Frances Dee is made to blush by throwing a red light in her face. . . . Biggest news of the year is Twentieth Century's merger with Fox, which leaves United Artists—originally a lot for actors with a peeve against producers—with only Sam Goldwyn as an active picture maker and gives Fox added prestige and urgently needed films for its many theaters. . . . Fred Astaire rehearses his dances to a metronome and not to music. . . . Mary Pickford may come back to do six pictures this year. . . . Charlie Chaplin's new film—Production No. 5—will be silent. In spite of high-flown talk about the art of pantomime, the chief reason for this is that he likes the "slow" camera to speed up the gags and it cannot be readily synchronized with sound. . . . Best performance of the year so far is Victor McLaglen's in The Informer. . . . Claudette Colbert is currently Hollywood's highest priced actress.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer.

★★★—Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **THE MAN WHO HAD EVERYTHING** by Louis Bromfield. Harper & Brothers.

The problem of the "successful" man and his search for simplicity, peace, and contentment which wealth, position, and distinction have not been able to give. Not Bromfield at his best.

★ ★ ★ **SENTENCED TO LIFE** by Mary Agnes Hamilton. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Jerry and Rosney are Socialists. At a meeting, Jerry tries to assassinate a leading statesman who wants war. Jerry goes to jail. Rosney is bewildered and remorseful. Years pass, love conquers, and they come together again to happiness.

★ ★½ **TORTILLA FLAT** by John Steinbeck. Covici, Friede.

A charmingly written and rather raffish tale of the Paisano group of Monterey. New and different.

★ ★ **FORGIVE ADAM** by Michael Foster. William Morrow & Company.

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Sheba Goes Home

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

"I will say," conceded Solomon generously, "that you

MAKEDA, Queen of Sheba, when she came up upon the roof of the King's House, in the light of the high-riding Palestinian moon, saw immediately that Solomon, whose every mood she knew, was in excellent spirits. He spoke at once, expansively:

"Of all the parties I've ever thrown, not one has ever passed off better. Did Hiram's ambassadors get an eyeful to take back to Tyre? I'll say they did."

"Why not?" enthused Makeda. "Can any one in all the world put on a better banquet than you—or half as good? You made a few well-chosen remarks, of course."

"And did I make a hit!" the king exclaimed. "I gave them seven new proverbs. One of them came to me while I was speaking—just like that. And it was an unusually clever one, if I do say so. Not that a woman would be likely to understand it—not even a woman who knows as many riddles as you do."

This opening augured well for Makeda's interview, which she had been seeking to arrange for three days, ever since her palace spies had learned the glorious news just received from afar. It still, by the king's command, was being kept a secret from all save his ministers until after the visiting ambassadors' departure, lest perhaps the people might wonder if the Tyrians did not deserve some of the credit.

The Minaeans had suffered such a defeat as would last them at least a generation. Her kingdom of Sabaea was at last safe, thanks to Solomon's fighting men. The political purpose of her long visit to Jerusalem was finally accomplished. She now needed only the great king's permission to go home.

"Women are but weak creatures," she murmured. "Before the brains of the greatest of the great, such as you, how can they be other than awed and humble?"

"I will say, though," conceded Solomon generously, "that you have as good a mind as any woman I ever knew, unless it was my mother. There was a smart woman, and a good woman. Did I ever tell you about how she got father to give me the kingdom after Adonijah had already started to grab it?"

"Yes—and why shouldn't she? What kind of a king would he have made, compared to you? I can't imagine him holding them all spellbound at a banquet. How do you do it?"

"Some of it, I suppose, is hereditary," Solomon admitted. "Father always was a good entertainer. There was a man that could play a harp! As well as he could fight—and that's saying something! Did I ever tell you what he said to Saul just before he killed the giant Goliath—about how all by himself he slew a bear *and* a lion one time? It was true, too."

"That reminds me," Makeda remarked, "that one of the girls—and I have to say I'm rather surprised you can see anything in her—was telling me today there's a story going round that it was a fellow named Elhanan who really killed that giant."

"I've heard that!" snorted the king. "These modern debunkers! I'd give something to know who started it."

"Some person jealous of you," Makeda sympathized. "And you can't blame the girls for gossiping about what little they hear, poor things. They don't get out and around much. Somebody was saying that the wives total something like six hundred, since the last Ammonite invoice. Are there really as many as that?"

"It sounds a little high, but still there might be in round numbers," replied the king. "It isn't until next year that we take the census."

"Have you seen Number One lately—Pharaoh's daughter?"

"I ran into her somewhere within the last few months. I've told you before, more than once, that I never cared especially for her, not even when she was a good-looker. Those Pharaoh women are all uppity."

"But you built her a house with a porch just like yours."

"Didn't I have to, so she'd send word to her father about it? Her old man conquered Gezer and gave it to me, with goodness knows how many Canaanites—all he wasn't able to kill, anyway. . . . And besides, between you and me, she was making a fuss about one of the other girls, named— Now what was that girl's name? Speaking of wives, have you seen that new Ammonite—the little one with the dimple?"

"Not yet. You mean the one you've just built the temple to Moloch for."

"The kid was lonely without her god," Solomon said. "A lot of them are funny that way."

"There's quite a lot of talk about it."

"There's talk about everything a man in my position does. I don't put any stock in their dinky heathen gods, but the girls keep at me."

"You're the boss, aren't you?"

"I'll say I am—but who wants all the time to be called an old meanie?"

"Nobody could ever call you that," Makeda purred. "Nobody, at least, that knows and admires you as I do. Oh, it must be perfectly wonderful to be the wisest man in the world! You know how terrible it would be for me to be anywhere else except near you—" there was ineffable regret in her rich contralto voice. "Still— You can't imagine how it breaks my heart to say it, but I must go home."

Solomon became haughty.

A Sparkling Story of Woman's Wiles and the Wisdom of a King . . . If You Had Been in Solomon's Sandals, What Would You Have Done?

by

J. FRANK DAVIS

ILLUSTRATION BY H. MATHIEU

ve as good a mind as any woman I ever knew."

"Are you telling me or asking me?" he inquired.

"Why, what an idea! Don't be silly! Asking you, of course. And yet I know the answer, because you promised me before I came that I could return whenever I thought best, and the great king's word is never broken."

"Not when he remembers having given it," said Solomon. "What do you want to go home for? Home was never like this."

"Oh, how can you think I want to go? But little Menelik—with all your wisdom, you can see that, of course."

"Naturally," replied the king. "Er—see what?"

"That he must be reared in his own country, to become the first of a dynasty far greater than mine alone could ever be. A line of kings down the ages, all able to proclaim that they are Lions of Judah, the descendants of the wisest of men and most magnificent of monarchs."

"Hm!" said Solomon.

SUDDENLY—remembering he had entered upon that war at her solicitation—he wondered if by any chance she had heard what his generals and admirals had just now succeeded in doing to the Minaean army and navy.

"That is," he said, to determine this point, "they'll have a kingdom to proclaim it in if your dominions last. But suppose the Minaeans should win this war?"

"Those Minaeans? Win against you?" she exclaimed. "Don't make me laugh. What people can stand against the might and generalship of Solomon?"

"I don't say you are not justified in your confidence," Solomon replied. "You haven't heard anything lately about the Minaeans?"

"I heard about a battle three or four months ago. Is there anything since?"

"If and when there is, you'll be informed first of anybody. . . . I don't see why you need to go back home. We could administer Sabaea from here. With proper taxes, of course. And can I get them! Do you know what the taxes brought in last year for this kingdom? Six hundred and sixty-six talents of gold."

"That's important money, even in these days," she said. "Have you ever considered the law of diminishing returns?"

"Whose law is that?" he demanded. "Not mine. And no other laws than mine run in this country, from Dan to Beersheba. That's why we're so prosperous."

"'Share the Wealth with Solomon,'" she murmured admiringly, quoting the popular slogan of the day.

"And how do I arrange it?" he said. "Keep everybody at work, that's my motto. And nothing keeps them working like taxes. I could go on thinking up taxes forever. I'll tell you. You continue to reign from here, and I'll send some of my skilled collectors down to Sabaea for you. High-pressure stuff, you know."

"I'd love that. But the boy—Menelik ben Solomon. It's all for his sake. You want him to be a king worthy of his father, don't you?"

Makeda's lustrous eyes looked appealingly into his.

"I'm not thinking of him," the king replied. "I'm thinking of you. It would be a long hard journey."

"It won't be any harder going than coming. Besides, when I came, I had all the responsibility of a caravan with spices, precious stones, and more than a hundred and twenty talents of gold—gifts for you, you will recall. It isn't likely I'll be carrying as much back."

"No, indeed," Solomon agreed hastily. "Although I would expect to do well by you out of my bounty. I was thinking of the ordinary fatigue and danger of travel."

"I am not a child."

"I should say not," he tactfully replied. "And yet you're not exactly old. The more I look at you—with the moon the way it is—the more inclined I am to want you to stay. . . . You are very beautiful tonight, Makeda."

Well she knew that possessive glint in his eyes, that softening in his imperious voice. If, now, she could but play her chessmen well, for her would open the dusty desert road to unconquered and at last unthreatened Sabaea and the freedom and glory of her own barbaric court.

"You always were the most flattering person, as well as the handsomest and best," she hesitated, her voice low. "And I won't say I'm not terribly tempted. Home, as you so wisely expressed it just now, could never be like the household of Solomon. And—oh, I have to admit that I am a woman before I am a queen!—I know how I would miss the light of your countenance through all the days of my life."

She leaned forward. Her scent was to his nostrils as her mature loveliness was to his sight.

"Stay here—with me—always," he urged ardently.

"I could," she whispered, "and my people could be our people if—if you would make me but one little promise, on your royal word."

"Short of a share in my kingdom, anything you ask!" he cried. "I swear it, by the beard of Abraham!"

"It is not much," she said softly. "Only this: Cast off that last hundred or so of the girls—all of them that are younger than I—and take no more wives. . . . And now I am altogether happy, my Solomon, for you have sworn to give me this favor, if I stay."

The great king sat in thought. Presently he sighed. "My personal desire says one thing; my wisdom another. . . . It hurts me—inexpressibly—but you must go home. We owe it to the boy."

THE END

CHAIN LETTER

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

SWEEPSTAKES, the numbers—and now the chain-letter racket. How we Americans love to take a chance! Suckers? . . . Well, adventurers is the nicer term. Maybe it's the old pioneer spirit. It bobs up all the stronger in times of depression.

One fine morning the postman rings twice, and there's a letter for you from Denver. It goes like this:

PROSPERITY CLUB
In God We Trust—Faith, Hope, Charity

JOHN JONES, 101 Blah Street
BILL BROWN, 202 Bilk Avenue
MRS. MARY SMITH, 303 Bosh Lane
GEORGE JACKSON, 404 Bull Terrace
MRS. SADIE THOMPSON, 505 Bunk Boulevard
MR. HARRY WHITE, 606 Burp Place

Within five days after you receive this letter make five copies of it, and send them to five of your friends to whom you wish Prosperity to come. To the person whose name appears first on the list above, send a dime in coin, carefully wrapped, and remove his name from the list in the letter you send your five friends. Add your name to the list, placing it at the bottom. As your name leaves the top of the list, you will receive 15,625 letters with donations of $1,562.50, if the chain is not broken.

Have the faith your friends had in you when this letter was sent you, and send out the five letters, and the chain will not be broken.

Little Tommy—teacher says he's a whiz at math—will figure it out for you. Before your name moves upward through each position on the list, and is finally removed, there will be six distinct links to the chain which was started with the five letters you're supposed to send out. Your letters are multiplied by five, and each link thereafter is five times as great as its predecessor. Like parlaying your bets and Pigs Is Pigs.

The grand total, in theory, *is* 15,625 letters.

A very nice idea. A new car. That old doctor's bill should be paid. Little Tommy wants a bicycle. And all for a dime!

Anyway, it's worth a whirl. Anybody'd risk a dime. There's the postage, of course; twelve to eighteen cents depending on whether the letters go in or out of town, five stamps for the letter to your friends and one for the name that gets your dime. What's a little postage when the stake is $1,562.50?

Let's assume, however, that you have an inquiring turn of mind and want to know how the Great American Chain Letter started.

It traces back to the reign of another Roosevelt, T. R. of the Big Stick—and likely before that. Shortly after the turn of the new century, sundry religious ladies girded their loins for the battle against Sabbath-Day amusements. The Continental Sunday with shows and beer drinking and such was spreading to the United States. These ladies, realizing that the pen was mightier than the sword, employed it to evoke united prayer by mail. Starting in the Middle West, letters went out as follows:

THE PRAYER CHAIN

O Lord, we Thy servants pray that You will save our country. Satan himself has come to rule. A man in New York, calling himself Mr. Proctor, and another named Tony Pastor, are trying to open the doors of their theaters on Sundays. Beer guzzling is rampant. . . .

And so on and so on, the Almighty being duly advised of sin's dire encroachments. The concluding paragraph packed the punch:

Now, within seven days after you receive this letter, make seven copies of it exactly as it is written and send these to your friends. By this united-prayer chain, God will see that we are one and He will answer our prayers.

The " endless " chain, however, had a habit of breaking as its links fell into the hands of the secretly unregene-

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IS SEARCHED FOR TWO MEN
PILSUDSKI, HERO OF POLAND, DIES

Another Racket Exposed — How What Started as an Innocent Gamble Has Been Turned into 1935's Meanest Confidence Game

WICKETS

by DONALD FURTHMAN

rate. So a postscript was added to the letters in flaming capitals:

IF YOU BREAK THIS CHAIN, GOD WILL CURSE YOU WITH AN AWFUL CURSE. SICKNESS, ACCIDENT, AND SUDDEN DEATH WILL BEFALL YOU AND YOUR LOVED ONES. BEWARE! DO NOT BREAK THE CHAIN.

That did the trick. Fear of the Almighty's wrath kept the would-be black sheep in the fold. Tens of thousands of prayer letters flooded the mails. The chain spread to China, Africa, and South America. Then folks who sent out some of the early letters began to receive their echoes. "Beer guzzling" went on unabated. Coney Island was ablaze with lights of a Sunday night. "Sacred concerts" in Chicago. "Over the Rhine" in Cincinnati.

The prayer-chain letter folded.

Every so often since then there have been brief revivals, usually for the purpose of spreading some fanatic's message. But there was no serious outbreak of chain fever until the current one.

The epidemic seemed to originate in Denver. After it got going, daily first-class mail collections averaged around 400,000 pieces, whereas normal ones were but 180,000 pieces. More than a hundred substitute postal clerks and carriers were put to work. Every employee of the Denver post offices was forced to work overtime.

Postmaster James Orren Stevic issued a statement: "A widespread racket for soliciting money has been gaining momentum here in Denver. The scheme is definitely illegal and any person participating in it is violating the law. The Postal Department intends to find the originators of the plan and prosecute them." After the newspapers printed that, it developed that the chain-letter gag had "just growed" like Topsy.

A DENVER attorney, however, told the writer a tale that seems likely. One day early in April a woman client came to his office. She was deeply distressed over the plight of several families she had known for years. These people had been forced to go on relief through no fault of their own and at a considerable cost of pride.

She had worried and pondered. The result was a plan to help these families and possibly many more in similar circumstances. She proposed sending out dime chain letters to her friends, listing the families' names.

Did the lawyer consider the plan illegal? He told her he could see no harm in thus soliciting charity donations —and so perhaps the snowball was started.

Post Office Inspector Roy E. Nelson placed three prominent Denver business men under arrest. Arrests followed quickly in other cities.

Jim Farley may be in a quandary. The chain letter is all wrong morally, but he's enough of a poker player to know that the kitty always wins. His stamp-selling department is the kitty. One college professor has figured it out that if chain letters go on and on until they reach every one, each person in the land will be $300 poorer and the Post Office Department that much richer.

Solicitor General Crowley doesn't mince words. He declares: "The scheme is economically unsound, and it cannot possibly work out as contemplated because there are neither people nor money enough in the country to assure all the participants what they are promised. Postmasters throughout the country have been notified that dime-chain mail is illegal, because at the time a person gets in on a chain he has no knowledge of the extent to which the chain has already progressed, and in parting with his money he has no guaranty that he will receive anything in return. Chains violate the fraud laws."

And the racketeers have taken up chain letters. John Jones sits down at a typewriter and dashes off, say, 500 copies of an appeal for dimes. He mails them to a sucker list, preferably buyers of oil stock and mining promotions, or even a telephone directory will do.

The six names which appear at the top of each missive are those of friends and relatives plus his own. The most the postage could cost would be fifteen dollars, and two dollars pays the stationer.

To start the ball rolling, at least half of the 500 send

the name at the head of the list—that's its author—a nice hard dime. His investment has been returned plus an eight-dollar dividend.

Link No. 2. The 250 gullibles who sent in their dimes want that $1,562.50, so rest assured they mailed letters to five friends. Five times 250 is 1,250; let's say half of that number are cheerful givers. That means $62.50 goes to Bill Brown, next up to bat, who just happens to be John Jones's favorite brother-in-law. Though it's only chicken feed, carry forward $70.50.

Link No. 3. Those 625 subscribers give birth to quintuplets for the benefit of Mrs. Mary Smith, trusted laundress for the Joneses. Well, five times 625 comes to 3,125; with only half of that total fetching dimes, the swag comes to $156.20, omitting a jitney which went the way of all fractions. Total profit to date, $226.70.

THERE are three more links before the chain gets out of the family. Remember that George Jackson is first cousin to John Jones, Mrs. Sadie Thompson does the cooking and the upstairs work, no washing, for Mr. Jackson's wife, and Harry White graduated from the chain gang at Joliet with Mr. Jones.

The figures do not lie. Mr. Jones received returns of $25; Mr. Brown, $62.50; Mrs. Smith, $156.20; Mr. Jackson, $345.50; Mrs. Thompson, $862.50; Mr. White, $2,356.20. Total, $3,807.90—which, deducting $17 as the cost of the 500 letters, leaves a net profit of $3,790.90.

Moreover, there was naught to stop Mr. Jones from sending forth further batches of 500 before the locality was killed and grew too hot. If he quit at 2,000—he wouldn't—his little syndicate would be richer by $15,163.60, and Mr. Jones files no income-tax returns.

Another wrinkle in America's meanest confidence game was recently developed. It's dubbed the cheater-proof letter chain. The prospect enters the chain-letter office, where he is greeted by an affable gentleman who takes his fifty cents in exchange for five neatly typed letters that follow the usual chain text but require a payment of five dollars instead of a mere dime.

There's a notary public near by; before him the prospect swears or affirms that five dollars will be sent to the name heading the list in the letters. Just to make sure, the client is invited to slip the fiver in the envelope right then and there, and the letter is posted under watchful eyes at the corner mailbox.

The trustful one adds his name to the bottom of the list, returns the five letters to the gent at the desk, and walks out with nothing but hope. The five letters are "sold" to the next innocent lamb who enters. And guess whose home address was at the top of the list, either originally or when the list was mailed! The cheater-proof chain is far more refined than holding up citizens with a gun.

Such "offices" rarely linger very long in a neighborhood, but they occasionally allow a few of their clients to collect when first opening shop. Such expenditures are charged off to advertising. The notaries public don't catch on till it's too late.

A variation of the cheater-proof epistle is the so-called "guaranteed" letter, or the "I sell you and you sell two others." The unit is a dollar bill and the ultimate goal $1,024.

The "buyer" puts his dollar in an envelope addressed to the top name on the list, and the "seller" watches with eagle eye while the buyer deposits the envelope in a mailbox. The buyer then makes two copies of the chain letter, which he strives to "sell" to hopeful friends, making sure that the dollar bills go into the mailbox. The theory is that if every human link of the chain watches the next link, the ten-link chain will not be ruptured.

Only the dollar bills go through the mails. The chain letter itself passes from hand to hand, therefore its originators trust it will escape the attentions of post-office inspectors.

HUMAN nature being what it is, no one has yet been located who has garnered $1,024. Dr. Solomon Flink, acting head of the Economics Department at Dana College, Newark, New Jersey, maintains "the odds against a person making $1,024, as the letter promises, are about 1,464,000 to one. It's a hundred to one that he won't get his money back."

Those who got in on the subway of the guaranteed-letter chain drew back their bait and from twenty to about two hundred unearned dollars to boot. There is even an unconfirmed rumor that one young woman, a hairdresser, left for Europe with nearly $800 brought by an honest mailman. But in her wake is a horde of citizens who spend the day long asking all they encounter, "Wanta buy a chain letter?"

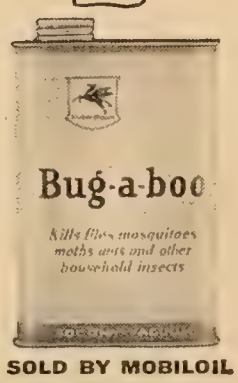
In every locality where the guaranteed chain spreads, the situation shortly arises where every one has letters to sell and no one will buy. The suckers hold the bag and the chain is snagged.

When the goose that lays the golden egg is being slain, count on it that the racket is near its final stages. The professional sharpers and the chiselers, the racket specialists, the mobsmen have infected the nation throughout its length and breadth with chain-fever virus. And so, sooner or later, the chain letter sounds its own death knell. We humans have a quaint habit of overdoing an apparently good thing, thus bringing about its defeat.

In Denver it's very easy to become skeptical of the fabulous tales of sudden wealth that early made the news columns. Many stories shriveled under the searchlight of investigation. One, however, casts a small

At night, before you go to bed,
'Tis better that all bugs be dead.
The spray to use is Bug-a-boo;
Then "half killed" bugs won't bother you.

HERE'S an insect spray that does more than stun flying insects . . . it really kills them. We find that everybody likes Bug-a-boo for its high killing power, for the pleasant aroma it leaves . . . a mild suggestion of the pine forest. You'll like it, too. Doesn't stain wall-paper, clothing or furniture.



BUG-A-BOO

KILLS FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ROACHES, ANTS, MOTHS

SOLD BY MOBILOIL STATIONS AND LEADING DEALERS

aura of sunshine. It concerns the information girl in a large office. Rumor had credited her with a harvest of more than ten thousand dimes. "People are always exaggerating," she complained. "I only got $7,622." Yet she confided that the chain letters might also bring her a richer prize—a husband.

"Not that I'm the kind of girl who would marry just anybody," she insisted, "but of the six proposals of marriage I've received from men who sent me dimes, at least two are—well, worth looking into."

In Oklahoma a kiss chain was started. By surrendering a caress to the top name on the list, a subscriber might be expected to find a true affinity among the more than 15,000 destined to exchange kisses.

In Cleveland, Ohio, a group of ex-bootleggers had printed 30,000 letters with their own names, but felt impelled to leave town after two thirds of the letters had been mailed out.

In St. Louis and New York two letter carriers were arrested and charged with abstracting dimes and dollars from the mails.

President Roosevelt received several hundred chain letters, but turned them all over to Postmaster General Farley. Not so Al Smith, who retained those letters containing dimes but dispatched the balance of a thousand letters received to wastebaskets.

Many have won through the chain-letter route, but it's just as well to remember they got in early and on the ground floor. Everybody on earth's face can't collect $1,562.50, $1,024, or any multiple thereof; the late-comers will be left holding empty bags.

The profit of one must mean the loss of another. And a sucker never gets a break—for long.

THE END

The WORLD of TOMORROW

No. 3—Your Mail by Vacuum

by RAY CUMMINGS

YOUR wife, who still is gracefully old-fashioned, pours your breakfast coffee, disdaining all mechanical aids. She says,

"Dorothy refused my telaudiphone connection yesterday. I don't know what's gotten into the child—her own mother can't call her up and be allowed to see her. I suppose it's Harry's influence—you can't see them on their honeymoon—"

You sigh. You are a bit worried over Dorothy. You say,

"Well, I remember I wasn't interested in your mother during our honeymoon. I guess Dorothy has written us."

The mail ought to be here by now. Then you hear the muted buzz-signal. The tiny red light over the end of the vacuum mail-tube is glowing. The morning mail is sorted; your letters are leaving the local branch post-office.

You say dubiously, "I guess Dorothy has written us. And if it caught the Pacific Airline—"

The small exhaust fan at the end of the vacuum tube is whirring now, sucking air out to draw the little mail cylinder up from the main pipe-line outside your home. And within a minute the cylinder is here, tumbling into the wire basket. It's a longer cylinder than usual, because this is the first of the month and nobody forgets to send the bills. You click off its key combination by which it automatically switched itself from the main line and into your home.

Your wife says, "Well, did she write or didn't she?"

She did, indeed. It is a long, chatty letter; but it seems concerned with nothing but what marvelous clothes she is buying in every city, and Harry is a perfectly wonderful flier, and they're doing better than a thousand miles a day and having all the afternoons and evenings free for sightseeing in the cities, and they'll be around and home again in a couple of weeks.

The postscript is brief and to the point. It states that she and Harry have changed all their ideas again. You can prepare a stunning church wedding this time, and you and mom can anticipate that presently you may be grandparents.

That is a welcome postscript, because you always felt queer about companionate marriage. You are still old-fashioned.

NOTE **FREE** OFFER BELOW

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1. Makes 40 bottles of sparkling Hires Root Beer, easily, quickly with yeast. Economical—8 glasses for 5c!

2. Instant Hires Root Ade can be made, using a teaspoonful of Hires Extract to a quart of ice water. Sweeten to taste. Add juice of half a lemon.

3. Nutritious Hires Milk Shake brings a new appeal in flavors, winning both children and adults. Makes children like milk.

Hires Root Beer is delicious, wholesome and economical—accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods and approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau.

To avoid oil flavored imitations, insist on

Hires R-J ROOT BEER FOR REAL-JUICES

FREE—a generous trial bottle of Hires Extract—enough to make 4 quarts of Hires Root Beer—to all who mail the coupon, enclosing 3¢ to cover postage and handling.

FREE

The Charles E. Hires Co., Dept. M, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me *free* bottle of Hires Extract. I enclose 3c for postage and packing. L-7-20

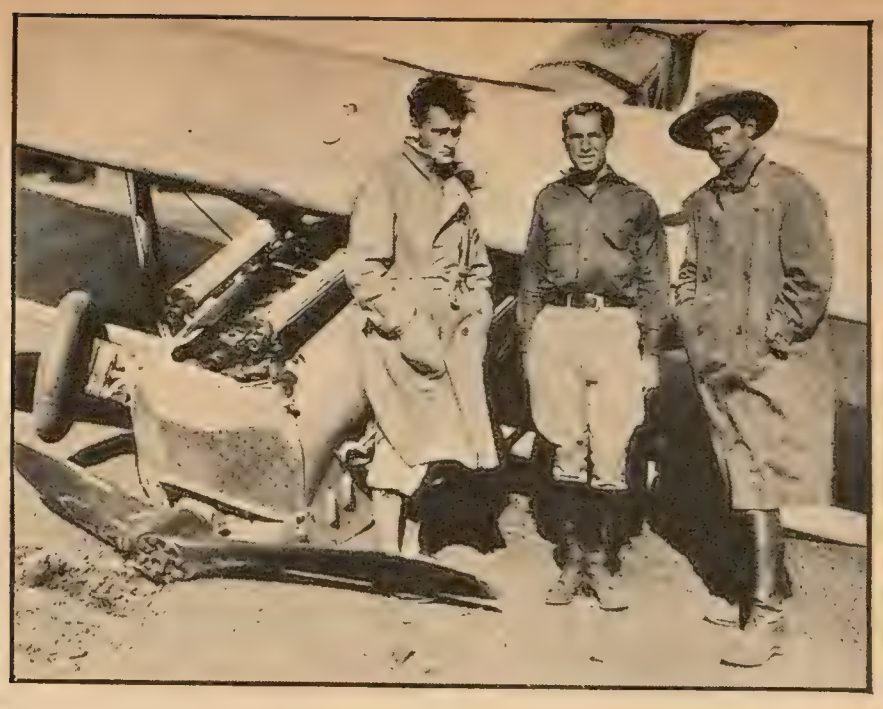
Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Canadians should mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

THE *Real* LOST SQUADRON



When this picture was taken, Dick Grace (center) didn't know he had not only crashed that Fokker but broken his neck. He was "out on his feet."

An Ace "Crash Artist" Looks in the Eyes of Death and Tells Where the Path of Glory Leads for Stunt Fliers in the Films

by DICK GRACE

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

I WROTE a story called Lost Squadron. It was about motion-picture stunt fliers. I wrote it when I was depressed, when I found myself surrounded by a host of new flying faces. Four years before I'd organized a squadron for Lilac Time. There were seven regular, and one relief, pilots in it; yet at the time I wrote the story there were but two of that squadron still alive, excluding myself. One of them was insane from a crash.

I wrote it in a Hollywood apartment—broke. Being broke hadn't anything to do with my mood. There's never been a motion-picture flier who ever saved enough money to quit the game. There's never been one of us who had sense enough to quit before it was ten seconds too late.

They made a mediocre picture out of the story, and it made money—but that had nothing to do with it. I'd have called the picture mediocre no matter how they made it. Why? Because there's no living actor who can portray what happens to our heads and heartstrings. Because I was more than the author of what I wrote. I was a character, or a combination of characters, in it. I brooded over all the flowers I'd had to put out and how few of the old crowd there were left. There were just Tomick, Clarke, Nomis, Al Wilson, Roy Wilson, and myself. Even Roy, who was no relation to Al, had started long after the others of us were well established in pictures.

I thought of the end of Lilac Time's Squadron of Death. Originally it had been composed of myself as Chief Buzzard and Ross Cooke as my assistant. Then there were Baxter, Baker, Phillips, Hay, Stoffer, and Crosson (relief pilot). Crosson pulled his wings and came crashing down in the fuselage. Baxter was killed with a student who froze the controls. Hay, who was a war ace, dove in from two thousand, and Phillips, the youngster, was flying in Hell's Angels when it happened.

Two nights before, Phil phoned me to come over. I had an engagement and told him it was impossible. He urged me to spare a few minutes and I finally went.

When I got there he talked about anything and everything and nothing of importance. Finally I asked him what it was all about, and he was silent.

He was a good-looking youngster. A boy I'd given his first ride to in the air. He had black wavy hair and a velvety set of eyes. The girls should have gone crazy about him, and would have if he'd have let them. But Phil was not the type. He was a moralist, a student, a gentleman. He wasn't the type, either, to battle along with a bunch of hard-boiled men who didn't give a continental so long as the check didn't bounce. He wanted to write and I'm sure he'd have made good.

"Well, youngster," I repeated, "what's so important now?"

He stared at the floor. Was silent for a few moments.

"You—you don't seem to care when it happens. Do you?"

I thought this over while I lit a cigarette.

"There'd not be any tears," I said, "but I like this life. It suits me just as it is for a while. What's eating you?"

"Day after tomorrow I'm taking an S. E. 5 up north in Hell's Angels—"

"Swell little crate," I said sarcastically.

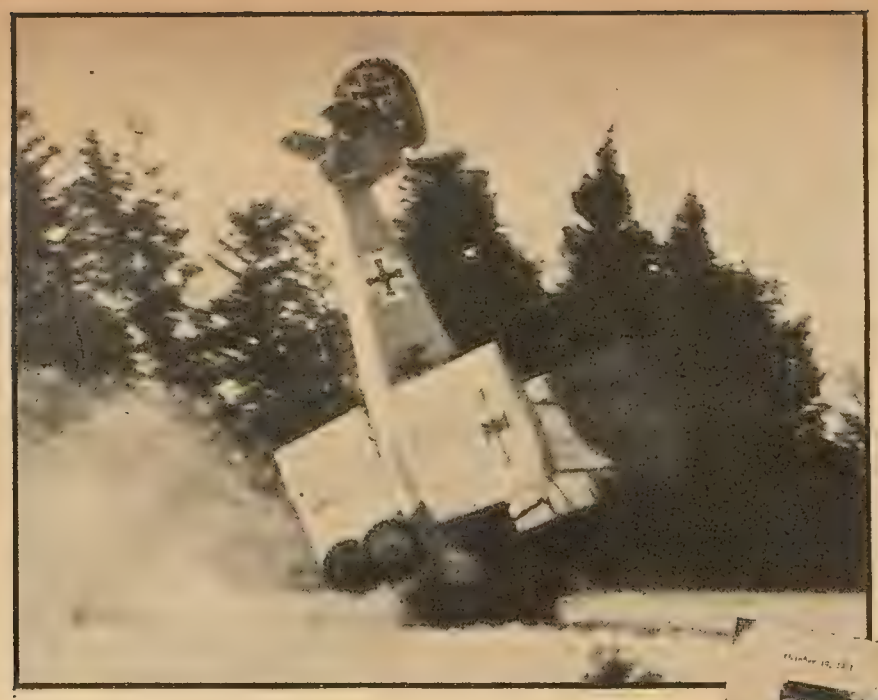
"Sure. But that's not the point. I was wondering whether you'd like to live in my apartment until I got back. We may be up there a week or a month, and you'd have no rent to pay—"

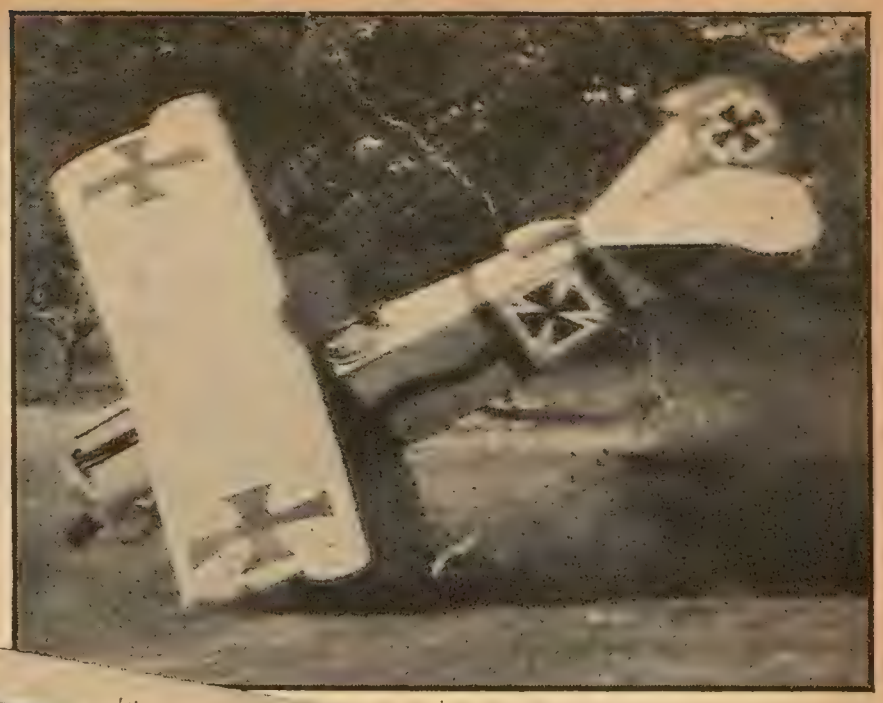
I looked around at the kid's belongings. He'd penned a few ink sketches. There were a flock of stills—some of himself, of Clarke, of Tomick, of me. A few mementos from his training as a cadet at Kelly.

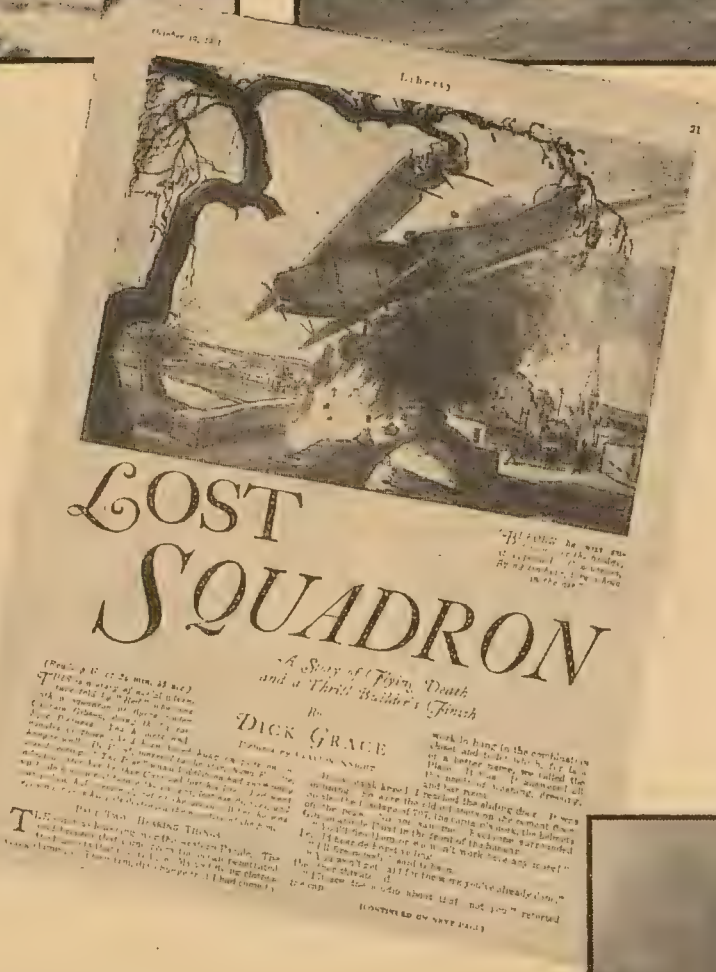
I said a good-by to him, and it was not the usual one. We shook hands.

Two days later we were looking for his relatives. His motor had quit on a take-off and he'd plunged in. My neck had mended after I'd broken it in Wings. His couldn't be mended. He was dead when they pulled him out of the cockpit.

I remember another day perfectly because I was tired and oily and dusty. We'd been on the line from seven in







Above: Grace crashing the Fokker and breaking his neck, at 110 miles an hour, in the making of Wings; and (left) pulling off an equally suicidal-looking crash to provide the biggest thrill in Young Eagles. At the left: A page from his tale, The Lost Squadron—which is fiction. How does this compare with his actual feats?

the morning until dark. I'd put in half a dozen hours of flying and had crashed another airplane. I was exhausted, and the hot bath felt good. Boy, how it felt good! Frank Baker and I had torn up a lot of air that day. We'd fought and maneuvered until I thought one or the other of us would pull a wing. He was probably ten years younger than I, but he'd been rather washed out too when he'd flown his ship toward his home port.

The telephone rang. No one in the house to answer it. I moved uncomfortably in the water. I couldn't even take a bath without being interrupted. For once it would have to ring. I'd not climb out for any one. I'd stay there if it were the President of the United States.

Then I got to thinking. I was in charge of the flying. Maybe they wanted to change the call, or they might want more pilots and ships. Insistently it kept ringing. I climbed out reluctantly and took down the receiver.

"Well, out with it. Who's it and what's it?"

The voice at the other end was metallic. There seemed no intonation in it. Just a flat expressionless sound.

"Frank Baker is dead." That matter-of-fact.

"Oh, sure," I kidded, but my face must have been white. "Who's this talking? That you, Frank? If it is, that's a bum joke."

"Frank was just killed in a barrel roll from five hundred. Went in on his back near his own field."

The sudden departure of Baker passed quickly into oblivion. There were other and more interesting things in store for us. I had smacked a ship in at around a hundred miles per and ended up on the exact spot designated. I'd hit so hard that it had ripped all four wings from the fuselage and pulled both shoes from my feet without unlacing them.

That was on the last day of 1929. I had to crash again on the 8th of January and I felt none too good. I'd broken a couple of ribs and torn loose the large muscle that binds all the ribs together. I was spitting blood pretty badly from something that my own doctor thought might be a punctured lung. In order to dress I had to be rolled from my bed. If my studio had known of my condition, of course I'd never have been permitted to continue work, but when they'd sent me for examination and X-ray I'd had them photograph the left side of my chest—and it was the right which was injured.

Naturally enough, I didn't do any more traveling than necessary and lay around gathering the low-down from the newspapers. The afternoon of January 2 I'll not soon forget. I'd eased myself into a chair and spread the Los Angeles Herald out in front of me.

Dick Grace as he looked five months after that breakneck crash. He had been partially paralyzed for some time, but was recovering.

There were screaming headlines. Ten motion-picture people had been killed. All of them I had worked with, done crashes for many times—and the pilots were none other than Ross Cooke and Hal Rhouse. They'd collided in mid-air in two Stinsons. Naturally I felt the loss of Director Hawks, for whom I'd crashed airplanes in The Air Circus, as I did of Max Gould, assistant, and George Eastman, first cameraman; but most of all I missed the genial smiling face of towheaded Ross Cooke, alternate leader of my Buzzards.

I reflected with bitterness over calamity after calamity which had overtaken us in the last years. There had

been Maurice ("Loop-the-Loop") Murphy, who'd had sense enough to quit his daring career—only to be run into in a Ford Transport by a stunting army airman. There were Locklear, who'd failed to come out of a tail spin and had plunged into an oil pit, and Bud Creeth, who lost an aileron while testing a new ship. Daugherty, Montee, and B. H. De Lay and Joe Hoff and Curwood and—but that could go on for hours. I was thankful that some were left. Leo Nomis, Frank Tomick, Frank Clarke, and I were here. Roy and Al Wilson were still doing their stuff. When Roy wasn't busy making thrills for pictures, he'd be raising the hair on the backs of the necks of spectators by spinning down until he was so low he'd come out kissing the ground with his wheels. Al was flying his old Curtiss Pusher—and he'd loop and stunt it for more than it was worth.

Hell's Angels fliers. Left to right: Ralph Douglas, Leo Nomis, Frank Clarke, James Hall, Ben Lyon, Frank Tomick, Roy Wilson. Leo and Roy are now in the real Lost Squadron.

We had made my Lost Squadron, and continued on. But old Leo Nomis had hurt his back rolling an automobile over in a racing picture. He was in a cast for a while, and looked thin and wasted when we saw him again. Regardless, he was back at the controls. He was engaged to do power dives which were to be photographed from the ground. He'd start from the required altitude, nose the ship into a dive, and hold it there in almost a vertical until within a hundred feet of the ground. You're making knots plenty when you do that with your throttle pushed clear forward.

After four or five takes he came down. The landing he made wasn't so hot, and that wasn't like Leo.

"Funny," he said with the same smile that he always had. "That's the first time anything like that ever happened to me. Everything went black for a minute when I pulled out that last time."

"Yeh?" said Clarke. "Well, you'd better let me do that for you if it's wanted again."

It was wanted again, and Clarke begged to substitute. But no. Leo's determined chin stuck out, his battered scarred face was carved in that unforgettable genial smile as he gave the J5 the gun and took the air.

FROM a thousand he nosed down. At five hundred the backslap of the motor vibrated until the earth seemed to shake. Three hundred, and then two. The troupe watched spellbound. This *was* going to be a thrill. At one hundred they knew. Not a thrill now. Leo was not riding alone. Bony fingers were at those controls . . .

The crash. Blurred visions of years of association bouncing at you all in a second. One of our old-timers had made his last flight.

Frank Clarke and I had been on the wagon for a long time then. As a matter of fact, I guess we're there permanently. But that occasion called for a letdown. I had a little gathering at my home, and Clarke had one at his. In the middle of things Leo's face would pop up. Things he'd done for me and nice things he'd said about me. It was flowers for him now.

I went to the florist's and picked them out myself. And when I got through with that I had a bunch made up and sent to Tomick and Clarke, with a note that I was buying 'em in advance so that they could see what they looked like and enjoy 'em a little beforehand.

You know what happened? Clarke telephoned my girl and called my gift of flowers "gorgeous and exquisite"! Imagine that—gorgeous! That's all right. Get a laugh out of it. I did too until—well, my girl said his voice wasn't exactly rock-bound. It was kind of stuttering, and he spoke haltingly. He had to keep clearing his throat. After all, you folks wouldn't believe it if I told you so—but we're human beings.

In your life you may be lucky enough to see three or four generations walk around, but in the last twenty years of aviation we've had a new generation every two or three years. Remember, I'm not talking of military or civil aviation. There's no reason why fifty or sixty years can't be put behind a stick if you're conservative and don't try to cut too many holes in the air. We're as conservative as we can be. We plan with care and hope there won't be any corrections in our calculations. But, just as racing pilots do, we run certain risks that civil pilots don't remember. Things are liable to happen.

Yet the files of our Associated Motion Picture Pilots are filled with applications for membership. I receive innumerable letters from youngsters who haven't an hour in the air but who'd crash any ship under any conditions to get a start in this business.

LISTEN, you youngsters. There'll only be one crash artist if I have anything to say about it—and that's not selfish. I think I've got this thing down to a science—but perhaps the cynics in and out of Hollywood will still get their chance to say, "See, I was right. He was bound to get it sometime."

If you guess at anything long enough you're bound to be right once in a while. I must have a little something or there wouldn't be thirty-four crashes to my credit. It's not all luck even if it isn't all science. Clarke's work is just the same. Don't think because you know how to spin and barrel-roll that you can pull a Frank Clarke. I ought to know. I've watched him long enough.

Roy Wilson cut some of the wildest capers I've ever seen. The tail spin where he'd come down until he had all of us running for telephones, field ambulances, shovels, finally got into a picture. He'd done it for air shows. He'd done it for pleasure. But the time he did it for a picture it happened up on the desert near Victorville.

A couple of nights before I'd given a dinner for him and his girl. We all had a swell time. Everything went along great. The dinner was a success, and Dot and Roy had not only remembered to forget a few differences but they'd decided that they would be married after Roy finished the picture for which he was flying. The kids really cared for each other, and I knew I was going to be proud to have been their best man. Three or four days and the deed would be done.

The location for the flying was a few miles out of the little desert city. Roy was in the air for the big scene, hovering above awaiting his signal.

It came, and he threw the ship into the spin. He'd keep it there until he'd roll a wheel on the ground when he pulled out. Like an angry hornet the ship twisted its way toward the earth.

Time he should pull out now. He kicked on the rudder, maneuvered the stick. Too late he realized one thing—thin air. He didn't have the support up in desert heat that he'd had before. More and more desperately he tried—yet he knew he would miss. If he only had ten feet more. Only ten feet.

With a terrific crash he hit. He'd stopped spiraling and had started to level off when it happened. When they got to him he was conscious. The motor was on his

legs and he directed its removal. They got him to a hospital on a truck.

Dot was there beside him. Crying quietly.

Roy never lost consciousness once. He begged her to marry him while there was still time. But Dot thought of the Hollywood gossips. There'd be but one idea in their twisted minds whenever Roy's name was spoken: the woman had married him on his deathbed to inherit his ships and his insurance.

Finally he saw her viewpoint, and they confined their last few minutes to things bigger—to the dreams they knew now would never come true.

Lilac Time pilots and stars: Stoffer, Baxter, Gary Cooper, Colleen Moore, Grace, Campbell, Hay, Baker—and, kneeling, Cooke, Spencer, Phillips. Only three pilots are now alive.

"I'm cold, Dot," he murmured, and she covered him more.

"I'm cold, Dot, come closer," he whispered. She came closer.

"I'm cold, Dot—kiss me—" and his eyes closed on a world that would soon forget one of the true musketeers of the age.

It's funny what the passing of years does. Take the case of Al Wilson and myself. At one time we were rivals and, of all things, actors. Yes, sir! They made hams out of both of us. We were each starred in a series of pictures. And we took our melodramas seriously even if every one else did laugh at them. We tried to outthink each other in building thrills. However, those days passed without either of us getting contaminated by grease paint, and we continued making our livelihoods honestly. The rivalry that we'd had was forgotten.

Things grew complicated. Work was scarce. The mix-up in Hell's Angels, where Phil Jones was to tend to the smoke apparatus in a bomber that was supposed to burn in mid-air, had not helped Al any. Al had jumped in his parachute after the ship was out of control. He'd yelled to Phil, a mechanic of mine on Lilac Time, to jump also. Either Phil couldn't get out with the ship winging earthward or he didn't hear. At any rate, he was killed. I listened to all the criticism. I saw Al and voluntarily he told me his version. As I said in my book I Am Still Alive, I'd ask you what you personally would have done in Al's place—and knowing all of the facts, I think you'd hesitate before answering.

THAT crash cost Al a lot. He never was quite the same person afterward. He became somber, subdued. He lost a lot of his cockiness, and he needed every bit of it. He came to me before he went to his last air race and told me he didn't want to go back. He didn't care for crowds any more. He didn't mind stunting the old Pusher, but—he didn't want to go back. I asked him why he did, and his answer to that was the contract that he threw at my feet.

He looked as natural as any one I've ever seen in a coffin. But there was one thing that struck me that a lot of them missed. Around his mouth there was a cynical, though not a bitter, smile. It was the smile that Al Wilson died with—perhaps smiling at the satisfaction he'd finally given to some of his enemies.

Anyway, what I started to say in the beginning I've gotten around to say now. Do you remember my story, Lost Squadron? When I wrote that story—or rather, when I scrambled living people and possibilities into what it takes to make fiction—I imagined there'd be only three living pilots out of a squadron.

It's funny, isn't it, that today there are just three of us left out of that whole bunch, three who are still living and still with the game, who were with it in old days?

Three of us. And it's time we stuck together, for a couple of times not very long ago there might have been only two—or only one.

Frank Clarke almost pulled a Roy Wilson at Riverside. Same conditions and same stunt. It was close enough for even Frank to grow serious over it. And the Swede—that's Frank Tomick—is living on velvet.

He's got no more authority to be here than Hoover has to be in the White House.

He was traveling at about two hundred per, diving at a camera. He'd pulled up in a zoom and had gone over on his back, and just at that inconvenient moment his motor failed. He lost it altogether.

Below him there was plenty of room but no place to land, and not enough air between him and the ground to do it in. From an upside-down position he had a perfect view of everything—and everything looked bad to him. He had a parachute but was too low to use it.

BUT the cool old thinking cap didn't fail him. From the position he was in he knew he'd crash. Now he had pulled the ship out and was in a dive. That means speed, coming off from an inverted position and no power to help straighten you out. Down! The earth taking on definite meaning now. By definite I mean he knew that there'd be a spot down there that would be cluttered up soon by ship, motor, dust—and a pilot.

He ripped his goggles off. At the last moment his hands left the stick as he wound his arms around his head and waited.

A fraction of a second and things were breaking up around him. Spars, ribs, linen, wood, and steel were making little journeys in all directions. The belt that held him tore his abdominal muscles, knocking the breath from him. Then it broke and he was flying through space.

He lit in almost a diving position and his face bit into the earth. From that position he saw something that made him forget the skin that was being torn from his face, the bruises he was getting by the second. He'd hit so hard that the motor had bounced out of the ship and was tumbling over and over on the ground—following him with the accuracy of a well directed bullet.

Scared? Say, when you're in a spot like that you don't have time. You're just hoping and praying that something's going to happen to give you a little break.

Well, Tomick quit rolling, and so did that big hunk of steel—just an even half dozen feet behind him. Living on velvet? Even you'd admit that. Yet you should hear that Swede bellyache when he can't catch the jack of diamonds in the kitty for 300 pinochle.

As for myself, I've another crash or so to do this year. One'll be in a picture called Arctic Wings, for Columbia. That crash is a puzzler. It'll take place in the altitudes, which will add to my speed. I'm going into a tree—rip off a wing or two. Then I've got to get the ship on its back. If I don't, the shot's no good. But I'll do it O. K. because that gallery will be pulling for me—and then of course Tomick and Clarke will be there pulling for me.

There are just the three of us left of the old-timers in pictures, so they ought to—for three's no crowd. The crowd is in that gallery. With luck they'll remain the Real Lost Squadron—and we three'll be here sipping lemonades through straws when prohibition comes back.

THE END

SPLENDID

IF YOU MUST PLAY THE PONIES, PONDER THESE SAPIENT TIPS ON

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

YOU need luck, of course, and the right slant toward the ponies as you saunter to the track. You are not trying to beat the races; you are too intelligent. You are going out for an afternoon's sport. Remember this as you swing your field glass jauntily:

Even though you don't know a horse from a spavined jackass, you can pick winners as easily as the shrewdest turfman. If you couldn't, professionals would win all the money. Your one need is luck on your shoulder.

You hear that racing is crooked. What of it? You are no moralist. Maybe one of the horses you select will be a 100-to-1 shot the boys are putting over today. It will—if luck is with you.

I wish I could tell you how to win at the races. I wish I could win myself. I can give a few suggestions; but the hazards of racing may overturn everything.

Let me remind you: even those bright chaps in the Smithsonian admit they can't foretell future happenings. If they can't, what chance for the sure-thing gentry who sidle up to you with tales of "This race is in the bag, cap; we can tell you the winner"? Why should they divulge valuable information to you, a stranger?

Over your breakfast coffee you might glance at the sporting columns of your paper. To see which horses are running. Perhaps you've heard, "This paper has a good handicapper. He picks two or three winners every day."

Yes; but which two?

Some newspaper handicappers (that's a euphemism for tipsters) name one horse and play another one—the next day. Those selections are made the day before. Overnight track conditions, the conditions of horses, may change. Too late to change it in the paper. I know a fellow who did the phenomenal thing of naming every winner one afternoon at Churchill Downs. I met him going out the gate. Congratulated him. He gave me a dirty look, then grinned sheepishly and confessed:

"I know I picked 'em, but when I got out here I changed my mind and played other horses. I sure would appreciate it if you'd let me have twenty dollars until tomorrow night."

The horses he named in the next twenty-seven races lost. Which proves a handicapper can be wrong.

You won't be so foolish as to follow a system. Matteawan is jammed with gentry figuring, "If he won last time out with 116 pounds in 1:13 seconds, today he'll—"

I'd suggest playing only one horse in a race. Always to win—on the nose; never to run second or third. The odds are much better. And here's a secret you should know: many a trainer and many a jockey understand each other. They don't have to say it in words.

The bugle blows. The trainer tosses his boy into the saddle. He says, "You know this horse. Win if you can." They are turning into the homestretch. The jockey sees he is hopelessly beaten. By cutting his mount to ribbons he may be third, second perhaps. Why ruin a valuable horse to win a few dollars in second or third place? He runs out of the money.

Bet the same amount each time: one dollar, five, or a hundred a race. Never progress—that's financial suicide. But you have an idea: Why not play the favorites? They win from 20 to 40 per cent of the time, don't they? You will bet one dollar on the favorite in the first race, and double the bet each race until a favorite wins. They do win one fifth to two fifths of all races, don't they?

Yes, but they have losing streaks. One week last year at a New York track eighteen successive favorites were beaten. If you had started with a dollar and doubled it, it would have taken $262,144 to make the system bet on the nineteenth and winning favorite.

If you have a losing streak, decrease your plays, don't increase them. (Easy to say, hard to do!)

A friend boasts, does he, that he knows a trainer who lets him in on good things? The tracks are cluttered with busted players broken by just such paddock tips.

If a trainer has a horse under cover—fit and ready to win—he guards the secret as he would his life. He wants long odds. He won't get them if the world starts betting on his nag.

Sometimes a horse is so outstanding that he can't lose. The odds accordingly are outrageously short. Odds-on, in fact: as, 1 to 5. You putting up five to win one.

This is called buying money. It is another route to the poorhouse.

These odds-on choices win frequently. But if you win once at 1 to 3 and again at 1 to 10, where's the profit if you lose the third time at 1 to 5? If you can't get even money or better, let the race alone.

A race horse is as temperamental as a movie star with her third husband. He has moods—likes and dislikes. At a morning trial he burns up the track with his speed. In the afternoon—against inferior horses, too—he breaks

HAZARDS

HOW NOT TO DO IT • by CHARLES B. PARMER

your heart and purse with a miserable showing.

What's the reason?

Perhaps the groom plaited his tail too tightly.

Remember the great cup mare Anita Peabody? She raced in the colors of a charming and an observing woman—Mrs. Hertz of Chicago. One day Anita Peabody lost a great stake when at top form. She wouldn't extend herself.

After the race Mrs. Hertz went to her stables and saw Anita switching her tail impatiently. She looked closely and exclaimed: "The tail is braided too tightly!"

It was loosened. The mare gave a great sigh of relief, whinnied, and was herself again.

This is only one of the many, many things which may cause the best horse to run a poor race.

Some will tell you, always play the outside horse in a three-horse field. Excellent advice, if the long shot wins. They do—once in a decade. But don't make a habit of despising outsiders. Sometimes they take terrible vengeance.

Fillies and mares are not good bets in the springtime. Their minds are on love, not racing. Still, when one wins, that's the time to have a bet on her.

Don't bet extravagantly in the fall—there's no such thing as form in the late months. Horses run in and out. The reason? Horses take on their winter coats from October to December. The hair grows fast and long and thick. That makes them irritable and hard to cool out after a race. This invites a cold.

Many an honest turfman is unfairly criticized during this period because his outstanding horse loses. Remember what happened to Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney's great Equipoise last fall? Seemingly at top form, Equipoise was entered against a comparatively cheap field at Narragansett, Rhode Island. He was disgracefully beaten by Okapi and All Forlorn. A few days later—Election Day—he ran for the Whitney Gold Cup at Belmont Park. Carried top weight of 128 pounds, and faced a field including two speed kings, Mr. Khayyam and Faireno.

Equipoise made them look like selling platers as he romped under the wire, winner. Yes, Whitney was trying to win both races.

Maiden races—maidens are horses which have never won—are bad gambles. Some horses never win.

Wide World photo
EQUIPOISE WINS THE 1934 METROPOLITAN HANDICAP

verely alone. I'll grant there are exceptions.

Of course you won't play two-year-olds. It's the maddest of mad gambles to play the baby racers. Likewise aged horses—five years and older—should be left se-

Stake horses are bad bets for several reasons. Usually all are outstanding horses. Each one has a good chance. It's a toss-up. If your luck is bad you'll choose one not at top form. Entered by a desperate owner hungering for a big stake—hoping the impossible will happen.

All form vanishes when rain muddies a track. The fastest horse in training may be beaten by a selling plater with a cup in the hoof. Sometimes there are three or four mudders in a race. You try and pick 'em.

I've heard of men making money following jockeys—not horses. Heard of them losing, too. Jockeys do have winning streaks when they ride good horses. Then they won't win a race in a month. A rider does extraordinarily well to win with 20 per cent of his mounts.

There was a day at Saratoga last August when Silvio Coucci and Don Meade swept the card, each winning three races. Coucci's mounts paid an average of 3 to 1. But Meade, who is Colonel Bradley's contract rider, brought the colonel's Bird Flower home at 12 to 1; won with R. L. Gerry's Chancing at 2 to 1; and took the closing race with F. J. Valli's Primute at 8 to 1.

You've heard it said it's bad medicine to take a girl to the races. Well, maybe. I know a confident chap who took a girl once. A dear little girl eighty-two years old. She had never seen a race. She confided:

"I've tried to be good all my life—I'm going to be bad today. I'm going to gamble."

Taking the program, she chose one horse in each of the six races. "I think their names are real sweet," she said. The six poorest nags in Christendom!

He tried to enlighten her. He didn't want her to lose her money. Said so. She was firm. What if all were outsiders? Didn't outsiders win sometimes?

Those six long shots won in a row—one paid 50 to 1.

Steeplechases are the most colorful contests on a track; also they are the most dangerous to play. Lay off.

The first race at all tracks usually is a cheap one. For mediocre horses. Any horse may win. Lay off. The last race is a cheap one, too. Lay off.

Which races and which horses should a person play?

I don't know. No one knows.

THE END

An Unholy Holy Man Is Buried Alive and an Insult to Shiva Is Punished—So Ends the Bizarre Believe-It-or-Not Chronicle of an Irishman's Adventures

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: A photograph of the "sacred" elephant that figures in this installment of Thaddeus Michael Shea's story is reproduced on the opposite page. Mr. Bedford-Jones describes it as being "six inches high, with a monkey rider, and of incredible weight for its size. It looks like gold, being fired with that metal, but according to metallurgists it is probably some form of meteoric iron such as prehistoric man used for weapons. Several experts in Oriental art have been puzzled by it, pronouncing it neither Tibetan, Chinese, nor Indian." As for the curse upon Solomon's gold, Mr. Bedford-Jones has medical information that Maisonneuf's symptoms indicate an ordinary case of paralysis agitans, and Zara's a less common form of paralysis with muscular atrophy.

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

HE is punished, he is punished," Zara said in a low voice. "It is the palsy. Do you remember the story of the Jewish king who profaned the Ark of the Covenant and became a leper?"

"Bosh! Leprosy takes years to develop," I rejoined. "Emile has had a terrific nervous shock. He'd have had a worse one if I'd got hold of him. Never fear, he'll get home safe with his loot!"

And he did; for later on I heard that he was in France, a rich man but palsied.

At our camp that night Zara suddenly appeared by our fire and laid on it a sheet of vellum. Before I could snatch it off, the thing had turned and twisted like a live creature, wriggling about in the flames, then bursting into fire. Upon it were characters in the old sacred writing of the Ethiopians, which few can read.

"That parchment," she said, as she caught my hand and checked me, "was the ancient writing about the treasure. It is gone. Let it go!"

On our trip home one of the Galla slaves sickened, foamed at the mouth, and died in a fit. I found that the trouble had come from an infection and blood poisoning. The slave was one of the two who had helped dig up the treasure.

The second slave, next day, killed himself. Word ran among the others that he had been in terror of the curse

The voice did not come from the body on the litter. It left me trembling, shaken to the depths.

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD FIVE TIMES

RECORDED by

H. BEDFORD-JONES

laid upon any who disturbed the gold. Godfrey told me about it, and I repeated it to Zara. To my alarm and surprise, she shrank back.

"It—it was true," she faltered in deep agitation. "That was why I burned the paper; the curse was written there. That was why I would not let you touch the gold. If he had not forced those bracelets on my arm—" She broke off, shivering slightly. That she believed in this nonsense was evident. "And Mzab died that same night, remember, just as it was written. It said that any who dared touch the treasure would be smitten and become powerless. That was why none of my ancestors ever dared look for the gold. I was afraid of the curse; and yet—because I loved you—"

"Well, nothing's happened to Emile Maisonneuf except a fit of nerves," I broke in. "And you're certainly not paralyzed, and won't be. Why, you poor child—you're scared! Now, listen to me."

Almost frantically I went to work with her. Day after day I threw myself into the task of ridding her of this superstitious belief. I even tried hypnotism, which did not work well, but she was susceptible to suggestion. By the time we got back home I had pretty well succeeded. Her fears had died out, and by tacit consent we never mentioned again the gold or the supposed curse. I have often wondered, however, just what was written on that sheet of vellum, and whether by any chance it might have explained the things that happened in later years to those who opened the tomb of King Tut.

WELL, we got home, and we were married next day. For two years I had no other thought, no other horizon, than this one great love of my entire life. It bound me in like an island—an island walled with terror.

And why with terror?

A month after our marriage I noticed a queer change in Zara's lovely hands. It began with her right hand, which gradually became flat, almost apelike. The muscles seemed affected. They twitched at times, and little by little simply wasted away. This condition spread to her arm and shoulder, then to her other arm.

I did everything possible. For an entire day at a time I would massage her arms. I employed all I knew of medicine, mental healing, manual therapy. I got hold of a missionary doctor. He could do nothing at all. Zara felt that this queer sickness was the result of the curse, although we never mentioned the matter. The doctor assured her that it was not paralysis, however, and his words somewhat eased her. Gradually the wasting away of the muscles spread to the body, accompanied by weakness and lassitude.

All I could do was watch the woman whom I loved slowly die. For I loved Zara with every fiber of my being. I allowed no one else to come near her, except in those occasional times when I could not endure the truth and fled for temporary forgetfulness.

One night in the rainy season she wakened and smiled and held my hand. She could no longer speak; but her eyes spoke for her—spoke of love, of deep affection, of everything that lay between us. It was my last communication with her. She died of pneumonia, very quickly and mercifully.

With her my life broke. Had she lived, had my plans for both of us borne fruit, everything would have been vastly different. I was left without faith, without hope, without anything. After a time I returned to India with Godfrey, and settled at Darjeeling in the hills.

India had always fascinated me; now it offered me the chance to forget. In my folly and weakness I plunged into excesses, tried to drown everything with women

and liquor. At times a queer and cunning savagery came over me; grief, I am quite certain, had partially unhinged me. For weeks at a time I have gone alone among the jungle people, naked and brutish; I threw myself into the religious orgies of Sikhs and Hindus; I even entered into the secret Tantric sect, which is assuredly the vilest religion ever man concocted.

That way, I admit, lay sheer insanity, and I was well on the way to it when a remarkable series of incidents gave me pause.

Darjeeling is almost at the borders of Nepal and Tibet. To the capital of Nepal is two hundred miles. Few white men have been there, for two reasons. The valley in which it lies is sacred; the Indian government will give no one permission to go, and Nepal will allow no whites to enter.

One evening, when I had been on a prolonged drunk with a tea planter, I rode out to his plantation with him. He collected coins, and had a large number of old, worn, and quite illegible silver coins he had picked up here and there. I offered to decipher them for him, and we took them down to the village.

The native smith was brought to his forge and I ordered him to heat the lump of iron he used as an anvil. When he had it red-hot, I put the coins on it. They had been polished with a little acid and were absolutely smooth and blank. Almost at once their lost inscriptions became legible—from a perfectly natural difference in the film of oxide caused by the intense heat. To my friend, and to the natives around, it seemed like downright magic. After more drinks I rode back to town. And next day I was down with a fever that bade fair to give me the ending I would have welcomed.

The fever went from bad to worse. When I fell into coma, the alarmed Godfrey called in an English surgeon, who declared that I had some form of scorbutic arthritis. He roused me and ordered me to the Eden Hospital. I refused flatly, and he departed with a shrug, leaving Godfrey well armed with medicines. They did no good whatever.

Then one night Godfrey ushered in a ragged long-haired figure plastered with cow dung and filth. I remember little of what happened. This was Ghopal Dhas, a holy man who had seen me bring out the inscriptions on those coins and become interested in me. He undertook to cure me in his own way.

Before me he set the image of an elephant, a devilish heavy little thing studded with crystals. He burned incense in it, so that the crystals shone like fiery red eyes. He mumbled a lot of prayers, chiefly to Shiva, and I understood that he was a holy man of the Tantrist religion in which I had already dabbled. He allowed me nothing to eat or drink except quantities of a liquid prepared for him by Godfrey. It tasted like plain and simple lemon juice, but it kept me alive, and his incantations did the work. The fever passed. I woke one morning very weak but perfectly clear-headed, myself again. Then, squatting on his hunkers beside my bed, this old devil proceeded to lecture me.

"YOU have wandered far from the holy path," he said, "but none the less you have great things in you. You are worthy to be my disciple. I have no chela, no servant and disciple. I have chosen you. Your life now belongs to me. Fast, pray, obey my teachings, and I will open all the mysteries to you."

He had a good line; it almost fooled me, but not quite. However, I was curious, and did not care a tinker's dam what happened to me or what I did. This Ghopal Dhas had a reputation near and far as a magician and worker of miracles, chiefly by healing; he gave all the credit to his sacred golden elephant, which according to him was a gift from the Dalai Lama in Tibet.

Once my strength was recovered, I let my beard grow, dyed it and my hair black, donned a few rags of native costume, and set out on a tramp with my new master. It was eight months before I saw Darjeeling again.

Ghopal Dhas and I became specks on the tide of "holy" men that floods all India. We lacked money, food, or clothes, and had little need; everything was provided. Our presence honored any house. To provide our wants, no matter of what nature, was a blessed privilege.

Ghopal Dhas was filthy past belief. His hair was dyed scarlet with henna. Many a time have I seen him walk into a Hindu household and indicate a daughter of the house as his companion for the night—a child of seven or eight at the outside. And the family considered itself honored.

And yet this man had something which to an Occidental mind was impossible to comprehend. All that he did, his entire life, was motivated by a fanatic and absolute devotion to Shiva. Not the mild, gentle flower god of Bali, but the fierce, bloody, and wildly obscene Shiva of the Tantric worship.

Yes, Ghopal Dhas was a "fakir" or holy man in the Indian sense, and a pure faker in our Western sense. Yet he was something more. He and I were birds of a feather, yet he had powers which I could never fathom or understand. He was delighted with me and with what he learned from me, for I taught him a good deal.

"You will go far, my chela," he would say. "When we have made the pilgrimage to Pashupati together, then we shall do great things. At Pashupati you will be cleansed at last of your sins. But first come prayer, fasting, meditation, and trials."

I AM, I believe, the only white man who has ever made this pilgrimage into the forbidden valley of Nepal.

The people upon whose credulity we worked were pitiful. Ghopal could have imposed upon more sophisticated dupes, however; he had something. His power of healing was remarkable. Always he laid it to the golden elephant, and my job was to cart the cursed thing around in its case, get it out, stuff it with incense, and tend it.

In other ways I became his regular assistant. He never performed any tricks for money—always to the glory of Shiva. When I had been with him six months, we pulled something big at Lahore, before the maharaja and his court. Ghopal Dhas put himself in a state of suspended animation—not a trance, as it is commonly known—and was buried alive for two weeks, under seal of the maharaja himself.

The next month, on our way back to Darjeeling, he was buried again, this time for three weeks. As he depended upon me for resuscitation, I was able to convince myself that there was no trickery about it. He was one of those rare creatures who were actually able to induce suspended animation.

He had rehearsed me carefully in my task. Once he was under the influence, I drew a handsome brocaded bag over his body. He was in position with his fingertips pressed together, his rings showing. Contrary to the usual custom of holy men, he wore several large ugly worthless rings to which he attributed much of his powers.

Enclosed in the bag, he was placed in a large box, which was locked. This box was left under seal in a room, anywhere that it might be undisturbed. When the time came to waken him, I removed the bag and poured warm water over him. He was now stiff and shriveled like a mummy, with no sign of life anywhere. After using hot water for some time, I was able to relax his arms and legs and massage them. I held a wheat cake to the crown of his head three times, five minutes each time, and removed the plugs of cotton from his ears and nostrils. Then, getting the point of a knife between his teeth, I poured some melted butter into his mouth and rubbed his eyelids with it. A short convulsion, and he would come awake, gradually regaining his strength, and in a couple of hours would be quite himself.

You will think that somewhere, somehow, he tricked me. Wait and see.

We regained Darjeeling, and after a few days there set forth to join the first tide of pilgrims going to Pashupati. This, a town in the hidden valley of Nepal, is the holiest city of India; the pilgrimage to it assumes enormous proportions and becomes the most awful yearly tide of humanity the world has ever seen. At least it was so in my day, and is probably so now. India empties itself into the north. There were, I dare say, a hundred and fifty thousand people or more on this road with us.*

* More than 200,000 annually, according to authorities.

What was the road? Two hundred miles of mere jungle trails at first, merging into the worst sort of mountain trails. There was no other way to reach Pashupati. Few towns, few villages, no food to be had. And this river of wretched humanity, leaving a backwash of corpses in its wake, toiling for days and weeks, unpoliced, unguarded, untended—and why?

Merely as an act of faith. The most stupendous annual act of faith on earth.

For me, an act of folly. I trudged along with Ghopal Dhas, bearing that damned bronze elephant and food for us both. After the first few days I became absorbed in the incredible swarms of pilgrims and in the ghastly scenes we encountered on every hand.

Some of the richer folk traveled on animals or in litters; the great mass walked. They came from all over India. I never saw so many holy men as on this trip, for usually such fellows keep to themselves. There were sick, lame, blind, dying. Beyond food, none had made any provision for the journey. At night the holy men scampered for village shelter. The others simply dropped, without blankets or covering. Sanitation, sexual restraint, privacy of death or childbirth did not exist.

I soon had cause to think more of myself and less of others.

I fancied a change in the demeanor of Ghopal Dhas toward me. He spoke frequently of the "cleansing" which awaited me at Pashupati; and I did not half like his manner when he mentioned it. I became suspicious of him. Rightly? I think not. I think the suspicion arose from my tormented brain; in all honesty I believe this now. But then it was another matter. I was not responsible. I conceived the idea that Ghopal Dhas had something sinister in mind. And one day, when I approached a group of holy men where he was talking, I heard something definite.

"WAIT!" he was saying in his penetrating voice. "Wait! I shall show you all a greater miracle, a greater sacrifice, than any Shiva has yet known. Wait!"

I came up. He fell silent abruptly and ordered me to his side, and we went our way. But inwardly I was in tumult. What could he mean, unless to expose me as a white man at Pashupati and have me sacrificed to Shiva the Destroyer?

We pressed on. This was the highway not only for pilgrims but for every one. Mail couriers with tinkling bells, parties of Gurkha soldiers, Nepalese officials; and always the endless flood of pilgrims, the corpses beside the trail, the exhausted folk who cried for aid and there was none. Stalwart coolies with loads were thick as flies.

Up the long first range of mountains that guard Nepal, and down again, with the wind icy upon us from the Himalayan ranges rimming the northern sky with snow. Down into a great valley alive with fruit trees. On over a creaking bridge into a little town, the only one of any size along our route. There Ghopal Dhas led me to a little temple that had three gilt domes. He walked in and demanded hospitality, and the priests cleared others out wholesale for him. Evidently he was well known.

He was sick. What was wrong with him I do not remember, for I was myself in poor shape. The privations had worn me down.

Ghopal Dhas demanded a small inner room to himself, and got it. He summoned the chief priests and told them that he was sending his spirit ahead to the holy city of Pashupati; that on the third morning I was to bring him back to life; and that they were to give me anything and everything that I might require. Then, telling me to arouse him on the third morning, he ordered us out.

AN hour later the chief priest wakened me—I was sound asleep—and took me to the room. He showed me the figure of Ghopal Dhas stretched there in his posture of trance, the golden elephant smoking at his side, the crystals glowing redly.

"Leave him, seal the door, and let no one disturb him," I said, and it was done.

A horrible temptation came to me. Remember, I believed that Ghopal Dhas had cunningly entrapped me. Well, I would show him! The whole thing flashed into my mind, and I rolled on the ground, roaring with mad laughter. No wonder those temple priests thought me insane—perhaps I was. But one thing was sure and certain: without my help, Ghopal Dhas would stay exactly as he was and not waken!

There must have been fever in me then and later—some lingering devil of fever picked up in the jungle. At all events, this is what I did.

It was no trick at all for me to cut the wax seal on the door and later restore it to place. On the second night I went out and hired two porters with a litter. In the early hours I brought out a burden to them—Ghopal Dhas, stiff and frozen as a corpse, and the golden elephant. I saw him tucked into the litter and sent off the porters, telling them to await me a few miles away. Then I returned to my own place.

With morning the priests routed me out, broke the seals—and found the room empty. I was quick to give them the cue. Ghopal Dhas the holy had transported his body as well as his soul to the holy city!

In the midst of the ensuing commotion I took my departure, chuckling to myself. I had my admittedly mad scheme formulated in every detail. Once across the final mountain barrier, I meant to mount on the ecstatic fervor of these pilgrims and arrive at the golden cities of Nepal as a god, a reincarnation of Shiva. I knew exactly what I meant to do, the tricks I meant to play, and my trump card was to be the inanimate Ghopal Dhas.

I caught up with my two porters

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and we went on. Now we were engulfed by fresh tides of pilgrims whom the delay had caused to overtake us. Here were people in every stage of every disease, some of them months on the road. They had come from hundreds and thousands of miles away. Holy men, conjurers, snake charmers, racketeers of all kinds preyed upon them. The tide flowed on endlessly. Down and down led the trail now, and the human surge eddied on into another beautiful valley, with the last and greatest and most incredible climb of all now rising ahead in plain sight.

That night I slept beside Ghopal Dhas. Before sleeping, I drew back the cover from him and mockingly told him of my plans. I hated that devil, and told him so. I tried to take the sacred rings from his fingers, but could not budge them. In the midst of my wild mockery I saw a slight twitching of the eyelids; then they suddenly flew open, as though by some effort of the violently straining spirit within him. They remained open. I watched, with a swift access of fear; but nothing happened. The eyes were glazed and rigid. I tried to close the lids again and could not. So I covered him over, wrapped him well, and doused the light.

It was as a result of this—perhaps—that Ghopal Dhas wrestled hard with me that night in dreams. Twice I wakened to find myself bathed in cold sweat and convinced that he was in the very room with me. So he was indeed, but rigid as ever; I had obtained sleeping space in one of the native houses. With early morning I got out in a hurry with my coolies and the litter.

This day's march was the most impressive spectacle of human faith and endurance that I have ever witnessed. The last and most terrible stage of the pilgrimage led straight up, often at an angle of forty degrees, over the Chandragiri Pass, at eight thousand feet of altitude. For miles at a time the zigzag trail consisted of nothing but steps cut in the bare rock. It skirted precipices. It hung above empty space or wound dizzily where pack animals could not find footing. But the human wave was there, surging along, up and over the enormous towering crest, with a queer reddish undertone caused by blood from ripped and torn feet.

Children and women with babes in arms. Cripples, sick folk, maimed and blind. Trudging on, crowded, lungs afire with the rarefied air; all bearing burdens of food and other things. Porters, carrying on their backs in baskets such as could pay for the lift, or bearing litters of the rich. Some making the pilgrimage on bloody knees. The fainting, the dying shoved out of the way by endless feet of those yet to die. Scrubby pine trees afforded security for those who fell out, until they could rest and totter back into the wave of surging atoms again. My coolies, stout as they were, could go only fifty yards at a time without resting, and it taxed my endurance to the utmost to keep up with them.

MILE after mile fell behind us as the day dragged. My two porters, however, made shorter and shorter progress and ever longer rests. The burden, they complained, was growing heavier—which was natural enough. I could hardly drag myself along.

I hired two comparatively fresh coolies to complete the climb with the litter. They lifted it, gasped in amazement, and insisted on seeing the load. Sight of Ghopal Dhas reassured them. After a hundred feet they halted, stared at me, and shook their heads. The load, they said, was growing heavier.

More money? Not much! I began to curse them—and the curses of a holy man are something to be avoided. They plucked up the litter and went on. Yet I was puzzled, for it was clearly evident that they could scarce get along under its weight.

At last we came to the final climb, the entry into the gorge that marked the pass itself. The day was ending; so were my porters. They were absolutely exhausted. They lifted the litter out to a wide ledge of rock at one side and then dropped in their tracks. My first two coolies came up. They tried to lift the litter and could not. As for me, I dropped in complete exhaustion.

When I recovered a little, darkness was approaching and I was alone. Those porters had simply skipped out, unpaid, as though fear drove them. I was well content to get out a blanket and huddle against the litter for the night. With morning I would get through the pass. Nothing remained except to descend into the sacred valley, and there, amid ecstatic thousands, to have myself proclaimed god and be swept on to the holy city. So I thought, at least, as I dropped into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

From that slumber Ghopal Dhas wakened me. I sat up.

The shuffle of feet, the surging wave, the stench of filthy bodies was continuing. There was no pause in the endless shoving of humanity. Under the stars, I was alone on the ledge with the litter. Merely another dream, of course. I lay back again with a grunt. Then, while I lay there wide awake, I heard the voice of Ghopal Dhas—the shrill uneasy voice I knew so well. It did not come from the body on the litter, either. It came from nowhere, quite literally.

"My accursed chela," it said, "you will not look upon the sacred valley. You will go no farther, even as I have refused to let my body go farther. You have been guilty of blasphemy and sacrilege. You have harmed me. Yet I forgive you, for your brain is sick. Go home; leave this land, that it may be healed. The fault, the folly was mine for thinking you worth the cleansing."

NOW, I was not dreaming; I was wide awake, mind you. I put a hand under the cover of the litter and felt the body of Ghopal Dhas. It was as rigid as ever. And even as I touched the face and the closed lips, the voice came again, with words that fairly burned into me:

"If ever again you insult the gods, you die. If ever again you pretend to be a god, you die. Otherwise, live and be accursed, my chela. Take the sacred elephant and go. I have no more need of you, for I have called another to waken me. And remember, if ever again you pretend to be a god—"

The voice faded out and was gone. It left me trembling, shaken to the very depths.

Yet I doubted. There in the cold night I waited, accusing myself of imagining things. This voice was unreal; I simply could not believe in it.

An hour later there was a scramble, a scrape of feet. I looked around, sat up, and stared. Here in the starlight appeared another holy man with his disciple, a ragged filthy individual, who stopped short and spoke:

"Where is Ghopal Dhas who called me to waken him?"

That broke me, sure enough. I could only point to the litter. The foul rascal came close and peered at me.

"Take the sacred elephant and go, as you were ordered," he said. "Accursed fool! Do you want me to tell those pilgrims who and what you are, that they may tear you to pieces with their teeth and hands? Go, accursed one, go!"

So he knew I was a white man—I who had tricked pilgrim and priest alike! If he made good his threat, my life would not be worth a farthing among these fanatic throngs. I could not find words; the voice was dead in me. I took the elephant from the litter and stumbled away down the declivity, breasting that steady tide of humanity. And as though to make way, a detachment of Nepalese soldiery appeared, going in the same direction, clearing the road enough for me to follow in their wake. Was this mere chance—or something else?

That's the whole story. Upon reaching Darjeeling, I took Godfrey and all I possessed and fled out of India. Fled? Yes, just that. I tell you, I could hear that voice still, as though it pursued us: "Live and be accursed, my chela. If ever again you insult the gods, you die."

Afraid? Yes, I was afraid, and to this very day I've been afraid. All the old itching desire to be a god died out of me. I lay ill in Bombay with fever, and when I recovered, I looked back at the things I had done with a shudder, with a shiver of unbelief.

Why did Ghopal Dhas give me that elephant? I do not know, but I can guess. The thing has a damned fascination about it. Also, it is a continual reminder to me. Never again have I dared to insult the gods.

I've told you what happened in Nepal, and you can make the best of it. Believe what you like. But one thing I myself know: from that day I have been accursed!

THE END

No Use in the World

A Short Short Story

by CHARLES H. GALE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

GRANDMA BROWN sat by the window, rocking back and forth.

"I've always dreaded living too long to be useful. But here I am, kitty. Too old, too much of a care."

The huge cat raised its head, then curled up on a cushion by the chair.

Grandma Brown winced as a bolt of lightning streaked across the afternoon sky; the peal of thunder which followed went unheeded. As she sighed, Grandma Brown noticed a trim figure in light blue bending against the rising wind and standing still, as though bewildered, as the first drops of rain began to fall. The figure turned slightly; a hand waved. Grandma Brown smiled.

"Thank goodness, my eyesight is still good for something, anyway," she said to herself. "That must be young Sally Anderson. I wonder how she likes our neighborhood."

The figure in light blue disappeared. Grandma Brown continued to rock back and forth, back and forth. Suddenly she looked up, startled. Some one had come into the room. It was Sally Anderson.

The rain had touched up her cheeks. A wisp of coal-black hair, loosened by the wind, almost hid the deep frown on her broad forehead. Her lips were parted as if she were about to speak. Her eyes betrayed her. She had been crying—crying hard.

"No one answered the bell, so I took the liberty—"

A cloud swept over the lovely face of the visitor as she spoke. She moved quickly to a chair and sat down.

Grandma Brown stared and stopped rocking.

"I simply must talk to some one!" Sally Anderson blurted.

"I—that is, *we*—have just moved in, you know. And I have no friends here—yet. And now I'm leaving Dan—he's my husband. We just cannot go on any further."

She glanced for a moment at the downpour outside, then rushed on:

"We had another awful quarrel this morning. After he left for the office I packed up to take the late afternoon train back home. I wanted so much to talk to some one—almost *any* one. Finally I couldn't stand that house any longer. I started for a walk. Then the rain—"

She bit her lip to keep the tears back and looked intently into the calm eyes of Grandma Brown.

"My dear, you are terribly excited. Do sit back and relax."

Grandma Brown's smile was a gentle caress. Sally Anderson sank back at once into the comforting curves of the old chair, and her memory flashed through the years to a picture of her own mother soothingly stroking her girlish brow with strong understanding fingers. Many times those fingers had smoothed away what had seemed like crushing perplexities.

An old-fashioned clock in the kitchen struck in quick sharp strokes. Sally closed her eyes. There was a clock with a gong just like that in the family cottage at the seashore where she and Dan had spent their honeymoon. She leaned forward again, slowly.

"It's so good to talk to some one like you."

There was a pause. Grandma Brown studied the young wife. "Yes, yes," she said. "Now make yourself right at home and I'll get some tea. We'll have a little party. It's not often an old lady like me has such a charming visitor. I'll be only a minute."

Sally Anderson watched her go through the door and then stood up. A somewhat faded photograph showed a gay bridal party, Grandma Brown, proud and smiling, in the center. There was another one—of Grandma Brown and her husband on their golden-wedding anniversary. Fifty years of married life! Well, of course it *could* be done. The light of genuine happiness on their faces held her—until the tears threatened. She leaned over and patted the cat as Grandma Brown returned.

"You know," Sally Anderson said as she lifted her fragile cup, "this is wonderful tea. And this is great fun." She looked away from Grandma Brown's face to the driving rain, and sighed. "Dan was wonderful at first. Now he's different—everything's different. Of course he has been terribly busy. But I cannot make *all* the concessions—and now it's all over."

Grandma Brown seemed to hesitate as she said: "I see. Yes. Yes, I see." She turned to a large scrapbook on the table by her chair.

"I was looking at these just before you came in." She pointed to a photograph of a young woman wearing bulging sleeves. "Would you guess that was I? I was a school-teacher then. They said I was smart." She laughed. "I took a lot of honors at school. They said I would have quite a career. I thought a long time before I gave that up for Abner—he was my husband."

Sally Anderson looked up. There was a twinkle in Grandma Brown's eyes. She said:

"We were a couple of modern kids for those days. We didn't get along at first. People said we both had minds of our own. I guess each of us was pretty stubborn. But we stuck it out for more than fifty years. And it was worth it. We had a lot of fun we would have missed."

SHE turned the worn pages and Sally Anderson saw souvenirs of a trip abroad, gay balls, summer vacations at the shore with children, and happy events of later years. A single tear dropped on the open page. Sally Anderson hoped it wasn't noticed. For a long time the two sat by the open book, busy with their own thoughts. The clock in the kitchen struck for the third time.

"I must be going," Sally Anderson announced. A bright young smile she hadn't seen before enchanted Grandma Brown.

"This room—I'm going to call it South Harbor," Sally Anderson went on. "I slipped in here just the way schooners used to sail into the bay in bad weather when I was a child." She stood up. "Now I must run back to start dinner."

Grandma Brown smiled. "Come and see me again," she pleaded. "I miss young folks. I'm really a young lady still, you know." Her laugh was merry as it was mellow.

"No, I'm no use in the world now, kitty," she said. "That poor young lady. She was terribly upset about something. I wanted so much to help her. I wonder what could have been the trouble. But I'm deaf, kitty. So deaf I couldn't hear a word she said. Not a word!"

THE END

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT
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NAME OF PLAYER.....

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1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two drawings each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the first and last names of a prominent motion-picture player.
2. To compete, clip or trace each drawing and underneath write the name of the motion-picture player it reveals to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twenty drawings named, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the players you have named is your favorite and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference rated on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 2, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Simplicity is best.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF MOVIE STARS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

BEGIN THIS GAME TODAY AND WIN SOME EASY MONEY

HERE'S a game made to order for you! It's easy to win! All you need to do is find the names of prominent motion-picture players hidden in the twenty drawings which will comprise the contest series, and then jot down a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which of the twenty players is your favorite. Don't pass this up. It may enrich you by $500 or, if you miss the first prize, you may win $200 or $100. Besides these there are 220 prizes, each one worth the winning.

Read the rules carefully so that you understand the conditions, and then find this week's names and put them aside pending the completion of your set.

DRAWINGS 3 AND 4 IN THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

TO THE *Ladies*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

•Styles change in Darkest Africa. When Frederic Grosvenor Carnochan went there first, the jungle gals were wearing white beads and cropped hair. When he went back a year later, they were wearing blue beads and braided hair.

Frederic Carnochan is one of our most painstaking explorers, one of our most humanly interesting scientists. His book, The Empire of the Snakes, has been reviewed already on this page. I met him in New York recently during one of his infrequent vacations from Africa, where the natives have made him a full-fledged snake doctor. Asked him to tell me about black beauty-magic.

FREDERIC CARNOCHAN

The Afric woman of elegance, I learned, dusts herself with green powder, oils her skin to soft resilience with butter or castor oil, keeps her teeth in better condition than yours or mine by brushing them with a frayed twig.

Mr. Carnochan—who went to Harvard before he went to Africa—gave me some more curious information about his dusky friends in the Snake Empire.

"They can't understand ice or photography," he said, "yet for some reason they have been able to comprehend the principles of radio quite well in a general way. They eat lots of homemade peanut butter, and a good deal of sweet-potato leaves boiled like spinach. On the whole, their diet is very healthful and tasty.

"When they see a rainbow they call it the *great rain snake*. When one of their women suspects she may be burdened with twins, she goes to a crossroad and stands there. If her inner disturbance then is violent, she *knows* she'll have twins — because she feels the two of them trying to go different ways."

•A New England spinster, grim with respectability, has been visiting friends of mine in the South. Among their servants my Southern friends have an elderly colored woman whose privilege it is to speak her mind.

She took an immediate dislike to the maiden lady from the North, who, I suspect, had snubbed her unintentionally.

This, at any rate, is what happened:

"You been married, miss?" inquired the old colored servant of the New England spinster.

"No," was the short reply.

"You got any children?"

"Of course not!" The maiden lady from the North was shocked, insulted.

The old Southern mammy was unperturbed.

"Ain't you lucky!" she said.

• I haven't heard one woman's voice upraised in protest against the current wearing of suspenders by men. Women of a generation ago wouldn't permit their men to be seen in suspenders. Called them unrefined. But they are smart now; fashionable magazines show us pictures of men stylishly suspendered. So this time it doesn't even occur to us to complain.

•Last month—June, 1935—a number of prominent brides were reported as having gone to the matrimonial altar garbed in their grandmothers' wedding gowns. It is fashionable now for brides to wear wedding heirlooms.

But how, I ask you, will our brides of the future fare in this respect?

Old wedding dresses were fabricated of the very best materials. Carefully packed away, they have endured in good condition. Granddaughters find them well preserved as well as very quaint.

Wedding dresses of today are attractive but flimsy. I don't think *our* granddaughters will find them serviceable.

•Breakfast behavior, the scientists now say, depends very largely upon the time your liver wakes up in the morning.

Some livers wake up when their proprietors wake up, while other people's livers keep on snoozing inside them long after the rest of their anatomy has come to life.

This is said to account for our various morning moods. If you have a breakfast-table grouch in your family, don't get mad at him—or her. Such unfortunates are more to be pitied than scorned, more to be pampered than socked. Give them no chance to start a morning quarrel. Let them eat their breakfast alone if necessary. Keep away from them until their livers wake up.

•Madame Tallien was one of the *fatal women* of the French Revolution. R. McNair Wilson's book, The Gipsy Queen of Paris, tells her story. I enjoyed reading it. (Published by Macrae-Smith.)

•Overtime work this year for the little worms spinning our autumn silk supply. The manufacturers are launching new silk fabrics that pretend to be wool. Silk serges, silk alpacas, heavy satin-backed gabardines, tweedy-looking silk with raised polka dots. All these for street wear.

For evening you may choose—if you can—between East Indian effects in metal-striped gauze, or duchesse satin, stiff and changeable. Or you can rustle and swish around in crinkled taffeta, or in taffeta-backed velvet. Gorgeousness is the coming word!

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN

● Twice a Murderer or an Innocent Man? . . . Perry Mason Stakes His Reputation on a Daring Gamble with Life and Death

The CASE of the CARETAKER'S Cat

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART SIX—THE TRAIL OF THE CAT

DELLA STREET held one of Winifred's arms. Paul Drake held the other. She was wrestling with them, her eyes fastened on Perry Mason's face with an expression of stark fear.

"You can't do it!" she screamed. "You mustn't. You—"

"I said I'd do it," Perry Mason said slowly, "and, by heaven, I will."

"You're selling us out," Winifred accused frantically.

"I'm selling no one out. You wanted me to represent him. All right, I'm going to represent him. The boy's made a fool of himself. He's just a kid. He got stampeded into running away. Some one's double-crossed him. I'm going to put him back on the right track.

"He'll read the newspapers. He'll read that I'm representing him. He'll read that I've personally guaranteed to surrender him into custody at five o'clock tonight. He'll know I'm acting for you. He'll come in and give himself up."

Smith went to the floor, moaning. Laxter swung his bandaged right arm and struck Oafley on the jaw.

" Chief," Della Street pleaded, " suppose he *shouldn't* get in touch with you; suppose he should read that in the paper and still keep in hiding? "

Perry Mason shrugged his shoulders. " Come on," he said to Paul Drake. " We'd better get up to the office. Newspaper reporters are going to ask us questions."

He turned to Della Street. " You stay here until that girl gets quieted down. Don't let her have hysterics, and don't let her make a fool of herself. As soon as you can leave her, come up to the office."

Della Street, clicking her heels together, made a mock military salute. " Okay, chief," she said.

She turned to Winifred Laxter. " Come on, baby, snap out of it."

" I'm s-s-s-snapped out of it," Winifred said, fighting back tears. " Mind your own d-d-d-d-damn b-b-b-busi-

ness and g-g-go on up to his office." . . .

Perry Mason stretched out in his swivel chair, placed his heels on the corner of the desk, lighted a cigarette. It was some half hour before sunrise. "When the newspaper reporters come in, Della, keep them in the outer office and bring them in all at once."

She nodded. Her eyes showed worry.

Paul Drake moved over and sat on the edge of Perry Mason's desk.

"You and I," he said, "had better pool a little information."

Mason's eyes were expressionless. "Such as what?"

"My men tell me Edith DeVoe was killed. She was beaten over the head with a club. The club was part of a crutch which had been sawed up. Of course, I knew that you had something in mind when you went up to Doug Keene's apartment. When I saw the bloodstained clothing, I knew it didn't come from the Ashton murder."

"But at the time," Mason asked, "you didn't know anything about the DeVoe murder?"

"Certainly not."

"That," Mason said, "might be a good thing to remember—in case you were questioned."

"Did you know about it?"

After a few moments, when it became apparent Mason didn't intend to answer the question, Drake went on, "Do you know a man named Babson? He's an expert cabinet-

maker. He does all sorts of woodwork, and, as a side line, makes crutches."

Mason's face showed interest.

"A couple of weeks ago Ashton dropped in to Babson's place. Ashton had his crutch made there. He wanted a hole bored near the tip of it, wanted it reinforced with metal tubing and lined with chamois skin. He wanted the metal threaded so that a cap could go on the end and the whole business be concealed under the rubber tip of the crutch."

Mason said slowly, "*That's* interesting."

"About three days ago," Drake went on, "Babson was questioned about that crutch business. A man who gave his name as Smith said he was representing an insurance company that was interested in Ashton's injuries. He wanted to know if Ashton had secured a new crutch or had any alterations made to the old one. Babson started to tell about the changes, then thought better of it, and started questioning this man Smith. Smith walked out."

"Get a description?" Mason asked tersely.

"Five foot eleven, age forty-five, weight a hundred and eighty pounds, light felt hat, blue suit, and a peculiar scar across the face. He was driving a green sedan."

"When did that report come in?" Mason asked.

"The night operator handed it to me when I went past the office. It had been on my desk for some little time. One of the boys turned it in in his report."

"Good work," Mason said. "Now put a tail on Jim Brandon. Find out all you can about him. See if *he's* been flashing any ready money lately."

"Already done," Drake said laconically. "I put a couple of men on him as soon as I got the report."

Drake said, "Now let me ask you a few questions."

"Such as what?" Mason inquired.

"Such as where you're going to stand in this thing. Did you have to telephone the police, promising to surrender that kid?"

"Sure I had to do it," Perry Mason said with a savage impatience. "He's either guilty as hell or else that was a plant. If it's a plant, he can't dodge it. He's got to face it. If he tries to run away, he's going to be picked up. If the police pick him up and he's running away, he's headed for the gallows. If he's guilty and surrenders and faces the music, pleads guilty, and tells his story to the court, I can probably get him off with life imprisonment."

"But you're gambling that he isn't guilty?" Della Street asked.

"I am, with everything I've got."

"That's just the point, chief," Della Street protested, in hot indignation. "You're gambling too much. You're staking your professional reputation backing the play of an emotional kid about whom you know nothing."

"Sure I am," he agreed. "I'm a gambler. I want to live life while I'm living it. We hear a lot about the people who are afraid to die, but we don't hear so much about the people who are afraid to live; yet it's a common failing. I have faith in Winifred, I have faith in Douglas Keene. They're in a bad spot and they need some one to front for them, and I'm going to do it!"

Paul Drake's voice still held a note of pleading.

"But why should *you* stake *your* reputation on the innocence of some kid when everything points to his guilt?"

"Because," Mason said, "I play a no-limit game. When I back my judgment, I back it with everything I have."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

FEARING that his pet cat, Clinker, will be poisoned by Sam Laxter, the lame old caretaker of the Laxter city house, Charles Ashton, comes to the celebrated lawyer, Perry Mason, and asks his protection. His story reveals suspicious circumstances. Recently, Grandfather Peter Laxter was burned to death in his country house. Shortly before the tragedy he had changed his will in favor of Sam Laxter and Frank Oafley, two grandsons, cutting off his former sole heir, Winifred Laxter, a lovely granddaughter. Strangely, too, the grandfather had converted a million dollars' worth of securities into cash, so Ashton says, which vanished into smoke, or otherwise.

Intrigued by the set-up, Mason summons Detective Paul Drake and together they trail Winifred to a little waffle shop she owns. But Nathaniel Smith, a shyster lawyer representing Sam and Frank, was there before them and had the girl sign a document declaring her grandfather of sound mind at the time he changed his will. Bursting into the shop, her sweetheart, Douglas Keene, throws suspicion on Edith DeVoe, the grandfather's nurse, and alludes to mysterious "Koltsdorf diamonds."

Mason and Drake, questioning Miss DeVoe, hear that she saw Sam Laxter apparently pumping carbon monoxide from his car into the hot-air furnace pipe leading to his grandfather's room, the night of the fire! They also learn that Caretaker Ashton is drawing on a cash-stuffed deposit box rented in the names of himself and a half brother.

Calling on District Attorney Burger, Mason has the body of old Peter Laxter exhumed. Going to the Laxter city home, they find Frank Oafley digging madly for buried money under a rose vine. Then they discover Caretaker Ashton strangled in bed, muddy cat-foot prints on him. At that moment Winifred phones Mason. And he finds her in great distress in her waffle shop.

Her dear Douglas has disappeared after delivering the cat, Clinker, to her at her request. He's in some fatal jam. Mason must find him! The lawyer seeks out Edith DeVoe and discovers her on her floor—murdered. Speeding on to Keene's apartment, Mason sees that Douglas has fled and has left bloody garments behind him. And he and Drake find out that Frank Oafley and Edith were married that night! Hastening back to the waffle shop, they probe and pry and learn that Winifred is trying to hide Douglas. Mason calls up Police Sergeant Holcomb and says:

"I'll surrender Douglas Keene at five o'clock."

"No, no!" screams Winifred. "No! You can't . . . "

"A no-limit game makes for big winnings and big losings," Della Street pointed out.

Mason said impatiently, with a gesture which included both of them, "What in blazes can a man lose? He can't lose his life because he doesn't own that anyway. He only has a lease on life. He can lose money, and money doesn't mean one damn thing as compared with character. All that really counts is a man's ability to live life, to get the most out of it as he goes through it; and he gets the most kick out of it by playing a no-limit game."

A buzzer sounded in the office as the door of the entrance office opened and closed. Drake nodded to Della Street. She rose and slid through the doorway into the outer office.

When she returned she lowered her voice apprehensively. "Sergeant Holcomb is out there with a whole flock of newspaper reporters."

"Did Holcomb bring the newspaper reporters?"

"No. I think he tried to beat them to it. He seems irritated."

"Show the gentlemen in," Mason said.

Della Street ventured a grin. "Does that include Sergeant Holcomb?"

"Just this once, it does," Mason told her.

Della Street flung open the door. "Come in, *gentlemen*," she said.

Sergeant Holcomb pushed his way through the door. Back of him appeared several men who spread out fanwise as they entered the room, took up positions against the wall. Some of them took out notebooks. All of them had an attitude of listening intently, the attitude of spectators at the opening round of a prize fight.

"Where's Douglas Keene?" Sergeant Holcomb demanded.

Perry Mason inhaled a lungful of smoke, let it seep out through his nostrils in twin streams. "I'm sure I don't know, sergeant," he said in the patient tone an elder uses in addressing an excited child.

"By God, you've *got* to know."

Mason made an unsuccessful attempt at a smoke ring. "The air's too churned up," he explained to Paul Drake in an audible aside. "It's hard to blow them when there are too many people in the room."

Sergeant Holcomb pounded his fist on Mason's desk. "By cripes," he said, "the day is past when you criminal attorneys can play tag with the law. You know what they're doing now to people who harbor public enemies."

"Is Douglas Keene a public enemy?" Mason asked innocently.

"He's a murderer."

"Indeed! Whom did he murder?"

"Two people. Charles Ashton and Edith DeVoe."

Perry Mason's tongue clicked against the roof of his mouth. "He shouldn't have done that, sergeant."

ONE of the reporters snickered audibly. Holcomb's face darkened. "Go ahead and crack wise," he said, "all you want to, but I'm going to get you for aiding a fugitive from justice."

"*Is* he a fugitive from justice?"

"He most certainly is."

"He's going to surrender at five o'clock tonight," Mason said, taking another long drag at his cigarette.

"We'll catch him before that."

"Where is he?" Mason asked, raising his eyebrows.

"I don't know," Sergeant Holcomb bellowed.

Mason sighed, turned to Paul Drake, and said apologetically, "He's going to put his hands on Keene *before* five o'clock tonight, yet he insists *he* doesn't know where Keene is. I've offered to surrender him at five o'clock and yet he won't believe I don't know where he is. It isn't logical."

"You wouldn't promise to have that man in custody by five o'clock unless you knew where he was right now. And you're working out some scheme to beat the case while you've got him under cover," Holcomb accused.

Mason smoked in silence.

"You're a lawyer. You know what the penalty is for becoming an accessory after the fact. You know what happens to people who give aid to murderers."

"But," Mason pointed out patiently, "suppose it should turn out he wasn't a murderer, Holcomb?"

"Wasn't a murderer!" Holcomb almost screamed. "Why, do you know what the evidence is against that boy? He went out to see Charles Ashton. He was the last man to see Ashton alive. Now get this and get it straight. Ashton had a cat. The cat slept on Ashton's bed. Douglas Keene went out to get that cat; and he got the cat. Witnesses saw him when he entered the room, and saw him leaving the place with the cat in his arms.

"Now, Ashton was murdered *before* the cat left the place. The cat had jumped in through the window. There were tracks on the bed where the cat had walked up and down. There was even a cat track squarely in the middle of Ashton's forehead, proving that the murder was committed before Keene left with the cat. Ashton was killed *after* ten o'clock and *before* eleven. Keene was there in Ashton's room shortly before ten and stayed there until he left with the cat *after* eleven."

MASON, pursing his lips, said, "That would make quite a case against Douglas Keene, *if* you were certain it was Ashton's cat he carried away."

"Of course it was Ashton's cat. Witnesses saw him, I tell you. The housekeeper saw him. She wasn't sleeping well. She was looking out of her window when Keene left. She saw him with the cat in his arms. James Brandon, the chauffeur, was driving a car to the garage. He turned in the driveway, and the headlights hit Douglas Keene squarely. He'll swear Keene was carrying the cat."

"You mean Clinker?"

"I mean Clinker, if that's the cat's name."

"Under those circumstances," Mason said, "the weight a jury would give the testimony of these people would depend upon their ability to convince the jury of the identity of the cat. Where's the cat now, by the way, sergeant?"

"I don't know," Sergeant Holcomb said; then added significantly, "Do you?"

Perry Mason said slowly, "I don't think, sergeant, there's any law in the penal code against giving shelter to a cat, is there? You're not by any chance accusing the cat of the murder, are you?"

"Go ahead and crack wise," Sergeant Holcomb said. "Do you know what I'm doing here? Do you know the real purpose of my coming here?"

Mason raised his eyebrows and shook his head.

Holcomb, pounding the desk with his fist, said, "I came here to tell you that Douglas Keene was wanted for murder. I came here to tell you that we're getting a warrant out for Douglas Keene's arrest. I came here to tell you the evidence against Douglas Keene so that if you continue to conceal Douglas Keene, we can have you convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude and have you disbarred. *That's* why I'm here. I'm going to tell you all of the evidence. When I leave here you're never going to be able to tell a jury or the grievance committee of the bar association you didn't know Douglas Keene was wanted for murder and that you didn't know the evidence that was against him."

"Rather shrewd, sergeant," Perry Mason said. "In fact, it's very shrewd. You're closing the door to any possible defense that I might have, is that it?"

"That's exactly it. You're either going to turn up Douglas Keene or you're going to

be arrested and prosecuted, and eventually disbarred."

"Have you," Mason asked, "entirely finished? Have you told me *all* the evidence?"

"No. I haven't even told you half of it."

"And I take it, sergeant, that you intend to tell me all."

"You're damn right I intend to tell you all."

Mason inclined his head in the receptive attitude of one who is about to listen intently. But Sergeant Holcomb's voice filled every corner of the office, seemed to rattle back from the windows. He bellowed at the lawyer:

"Edith DeVoe wanted to see Douglas Keene. She telephoned and left messages for him at several places. Douglas Keene went to call on her. The manager of Edith DeVoe's apartment house happened to be leaving the house just as Douglas Keene was pressing his finger against the button which rang Edith DeVoe's bell. When the manager opened the door, Keene took advantage of it by walking in. The manager naturally stopped him and asked him where he was going. Keene said he was going to see Miss DeVoe; that she had sent for him.

"Later on the district attorney went to question her. She was lying on the floor unconscious. She'd been literally clubbed to death. We went to Douglas Keene's room. We found that garments he had worn were bloodstained. There was blood on his shirt, on his collar, on his shoes, on his trousers. He had tried to wash out the bloodstains and failed. He'd tried to burn up some of his clothes, and had even failed to do that. Shreds of cloth were left in the ashes, and they gave a chemical reaction which shows there was human blood on them."

"Was the cat there?" Mason asked.

Holcomb controlled himself with an effort. "No!"

"Just how would one make an absolute identification of a cat?" Perry Mason asked. "There's no way of fingerprinting a cat, is there, sergeant?"

"Go ahead," Holcomb said grimly, "be as smart as you want to. Two months from now you'll be walking the streets."

"SO far," Mason remarked, "I haven't defended murderers. I have only defended persons *accused* of murder. You must appreciate, sergeant, that there's quite a difference. But I'm serious about the cat, sergeant. Suppose the housekeeper and the chauffeur should both swear Keene was carrying Clinker in his arms; and suppose I should line up a couple of dozen Persian cats in front of the witnesses and ask them to pick out Clinker. Do you suppose they could do it, and in the event they did pick out one cat and swear that it was Clinker, do you suppose there's any way by which we could definitely establish to the jury that they were right?"

"So that's your game, is it?" Holcomb said.

Mason smiled urbanely. "Why, no, sergeant, that's not my game. I was just asking you a question; that's all."

Sergeant Holcomb leaned across the desk, holding both edges of it with a grip which drew the skin white and taut across his knuckles.

"After a while, Mason," he said, "we get so we know just about what to expect with you. The police department isn't as dumb as you may think it is. And, just to give you a little something to think over, as soon as you telephoned that you were going to represent Douglas Keene and that he'd surrender at five o'clock tonight, I sent some of the boys out to locate that cat. And it just happened that I knew where to send them. Just for your information, we've picked up Clinker, and he's in police custody. He was in the apartment of your very efficient secretary, Miss Della Street. And the cat has been identified at police headquarters by the chauffeur and the housekeeper, and a label has been tied on his neck."

Sergeant Holcomb turned on his heel and strode toward the outer office.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

At the Chantilly Prix de Diane, the smartest of all French race meetings, the tailleur definitely stole the limelight from the garden-party frock which has hitherto been considered correct for these galas. The most admired models featured the sartorially correct suit with nipped-in jackets, the skirts being slightly longer than those recently sponsored by Paris couturiers. The blouses, though as man-tailored as tweeds, contrasted smartly with the suits' fabrics, being concocted of plain or printed silk crepe, georgette, or lace either sheer or over silk.

DORAMILLER.

FOR a moment Perry Mason's face was grim and tense. Then he gave a slow smile in the direction of the newspaper reporters.

"We'd like to ask you," one of the men said, "if you agree—"

Mason said slowly, "Gentlemen, you have a damn good story. Go ahead and publish it as it is." And then clamped his lips shut. . . .

Perry Mason turned from the telephone and said to Della Street, "Nathaniel Smith and his two clients, Sam Laxter and Frank Oafley, are out there to see me. This is going to be a good show while it lasts. Go out and send them in. Turn on the loud-speaking interoffice telephone, sit out in your office, and take down as much of the conversation as you can. You may have to testify later on about what was said."

"And I'm to keep a line open?" she asked. "And talk with any one who calls for you?"

"Absolutely. See that nothing interferes with that. Douglas Keene may telephone in at any time."

She nodded, slipped through the door, and a moment later ushered Smith, Laxter, and Oafley into the room.

Smith twisted his lips back from protruding teeth. The perfunctory smile over, his face became a mask of reproachful gravity.

"Counselor, did you inform the district attorney that my client, Samuel C. Laxter, was guilty of the murder of his grandfather, Peter Laxter?"

"Want me to answer that yes or no?" Mason inquired casually.

Smith frowned. "Answer it," he said.

"No."

"Didn't you intimate to him that such was the case?"

"No."

"Didn't you tell him that Edith DeVoe had accused him of that crime?"

"No."

Smith's face was a study. "Mr. Burger says you told him that."

Mason remained silent.

"Burger told Sam Laxter," Smith went on, "that you said Edith DeVoe told you Samuel Laxter had a tube

running from his exhaust to the hot-air pipe that went to Peter Laxter's room."

Perry Mason's face was as grim and uncompromising as granite. "Perhaps he did, because she did, and I did."

Smith blinked his eyes as he tried to figure out those answers, then, with a look of triumph on his face, he said, "You told Burger that she made that accusation?"

"It wasn't an accusation; she simply said she saw him seated in the automobile with the motor running and a flexible tube extending to the hot-air pipe. She told me that, and I told Burger that."

"It's a lie."

"What's a lie?" Mason asked, getting to his feet ominously.

Smith backed up nervously, holding out his hand, palm outward. "A slander, I meant," he said, "—a defamation of character."

"Has it ever occurred to you that it might be a privileged communication?" Mason inquired.

"Not if it was actuated by malice," Smith remarked, shaking his finger at Perry Mason but moving back of the big overstuffed leather chair so that it was between him and Mason. "And you were actuated by malice. You were trying to protect your client, Douglas Keene."

"So what?" Mason asked.

"So we want a retraction."

"Who wants a retraction?"

"Samuel Laxter does, and I do."

"Very well," Mason said, "you want a retraction—so what?"

"We want your answer."

Mason said, "I told Burger nothing but the truth, as it was told to me. I didn't vouch for the facts; I only vouched for the statement having been made for what it was worth."

"We want an apology."

"Go to hell."

SAMUEL LAXTER stepped forward. His face was white. "Mr. Mason," he said, "I don't know you, but I do know there's something rotten in Denmark. I'd heard that a story was being circulated, linking me with the death of my grandfather. It's a damnable lie! I've also heard that you led the officers to a surreptitious and unwarranted search of my car, in my garage, after first picking the lock of the garage in order to get access to my car. Some one had planted a long tube in my automobile without my knowledge. I don't know what protection the law gives me—that's up to Mr. Smith—but I certainly intend to see that you're held to strict accountability for what you've done."

Mason yawned.

Smith laid a restraining hand on Sam Laxter's arm. "Now let me do the talking," he said, "let me do the talking. Keep calm, keep calm."

Mason sat down once more in his big swivel chair, leaned back, and took a cigarette from the cigarette case on the desk.

"Anything else?" he asked them.

Frank Oafley said, "Mr. Mason, I want you to understand my position. My relationship with Edith DeVoe is no longer a secret. She had done me the honor to marry me shortly before her death."

He stopped for a moment while a spasm of expression crossed his face; then he went on, "She had told me about what she had seen, but I hadn't been inclined to give it much thought until after the district attorney pointed out to me how easy it would have been for some one to have put carbon monoxide into grandfather's room.

"Naturally, this came as a big shock to me. I know my cousin well. I can't believe that he was capable of any such thing, and then I remembered that Edith had never told me she had positively recognized Sam as the one in that car. The man in the car had his face concealed under the broad brim of Sam's hat. That was what led Edith to believe the man in the car was Sam Laxter.

"Now, if you told the officers that Edith said Sam Laxter was seated in that car, you have made a statement which was unwarranted by anything Edith said."

MASON, studying Frank Oafley's face, said speculatively, "So that's *your* story, is it?"

"That's my story," Oafley said, blushing.

Smith's face was cunning. "Consider, counselor, what a position you're in," he said to Mason. "You made a charge against my client. You can't back that charge up; you have got no evidence. You can't testify what Edith DeVoe told you because that's hearsay. Dying declarations are admissible when a person making them knows he is going to die, but this wasn't a dying declaration. When she told you this, she thought she'd live to be a hundred, so you haven't got a leg to stand on. My client can take you into court. He can trim you. He can stick you; he can soak you—but he won't do it if you make a retraction."

"What Smith means," Oafley said, "is that you emphasize the fact that Edith didn't know who it was in the car."

Sam Laxter's face was scowling.

"I want more than that," he said. "I want a retraction and an apology. I never sat in that car, and Mason knows it."

Perry Mason stretched forth his hand to a row of books which stood on his desk, supported by book ends. He pulled out a book, opened it, and said:

"Speaking of law, gentlemen, *I'll* read you a little law.

"Section 258 of the probate code reads as follows: 'No person convicted of the murder of the decedent shall be entitled to succeed to any portion of the estate; but the portion thereof to which he would otherwise be entitled to succeed goes to the other persons entitled thereto under

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the provisions of this chapter.' There is some law for *you* to think over, Frank Oafley."

Smith sputtered into speech with moist vehemence. "What a trick!" he exclaimed. "What a scheme! He tries to turn you one against the other, reading from his lawbooks, making his dirty slanders. Close your ears to his words, close your hearts to his thoughts, close your —"

Mason interrupted, speaking directly to Frank Oafley. "You would like to protect your cousin," he said, "but you know as well as I do that Edith DeVoe wasn't the sort of girl to jump at false conclusions. Perhaps she didn't see the man's face, but she saw the man's hat; she heard his voice, and she *thought* that man was Sam Laxter."

Oafley's forehead knitted thoughtfully. "She *did* hear his voice."

"Go ahead," Sam Laxter said bitterly, "put on an act, Frank; pretend you're being convinced, but you're not fooling me any. The minute this lawyer showed you that you could hog all of my inheritance by getting me convicted of murder, I knew what was going to happen."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" Smith half screamed. "Don't do it; don't fight. It's a trap. Don't walk into it. He gets you fighting between yourselves and then his damn cat inherits the estate!"

Mason, looking at Sam Laxter, said, "How do you account for that tube being found in your car?"

"Some one planted it," Laxter said belligerently. "You led the officers to the garage and they 'found' a tube in my car, *after you suggested they look for it.*"

Mason said, "Do you think I planted the tube in your car?"

Nathaniel Smith rushed in front of Sam Laxter, grabbed him by the lapels of his coat, pushed him back, and shouted:

"Don't answer; don't answer! It's another trap. He gets you to charge that he planted it and then *he* sues *you* for defamation of character. Keep quiet, everybody; keep calm. Don't get excited. *I'll* handle it."

Oafley moved a step closer to Laxter and said, over Smith's shoulder, "Are you insinuating that I planted it there, Sam?"

Laxter, his voice edged with bitterness, said, "Why not? You don't fool me any, Frank Oafley. You'd do a damn sight more than that for half a million dollars."

"You forget," Oafley said with cold dignity, "that it was Edith DeVoe who saw this. I didn't see it, and when she first told me I didn't attach any significance to it."

"GENTLEMEN, gentlemen," Smith pleaded. "Gentlemen, calm yourselves. This isn't what we came here for. Keep cool. Remember what I told you to say. Let me do the talking. Shut up, everybody."

"Edith Oafley," Sam Laxter sneered, paying no attention to the lawyer. "If she weren't dead, I could say plenty about her."

Oafley, with an inarticulate expression of rage, pushed Smith aside with his right hand and slapped Laxter's face with his left.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" Smith screamed, "remember—"

Sam Laxter's left fist, swinging in a sizzling blow aimed at Oafley's jaw, caught Smith full in the face as the little attorney pawed at Laxter's coat.

Smith went to the floor, moaning.

Laxter swung his bandaged right arm, struck Oafley a glancing blow on the jaw. Oafley stepped in, swinging his right. Laxter missed with a left.

For a moment the two men stood toe to toe, slugging wildly, their blows doing but little damage.

Smith, on the floor, tugged at their trouser legs. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," he pleaded, his voice half muffled by his cut and rapidly swelling lips.

Perry Mason elevated his feet to the desk, tilted back in his swivel chair, and puffed complacently at his cigarette, watching the melee with whimsical humor.

ABRUPTLY Oafley stepped back. "I'm sorry, Sam," he said. "I forgot your arm was hurt."

Smith bobbed up between them, a palm against the vest of each, trying to push them apart.

"Don't worry about my arm," Sam Laxter said bitterly, then glanced at the bandage. It showed a red stain where the wound had been reopened.

"Come away, come away," Smith said. "He's full of tricks. He's clever. Didn't I warn you before I came in here?"

Oafley said slowly, his chest heaving, his face flushed, "Just keep your tongue off Edith, that's all."

He turned abruptly, crossed the office, jerked open the corridor door.

Smith hesitated a moment, then ran after him shouting, "Mr. Oafley! Mr. Oafley! Come back here a moment, Mr. Oafley!"

Oafley called back over his shoulder: "You can go to hell. I'm going to get a lawyer of my own."

Smith looked at Sam Laxter with an expression of consternation, then turned to Perry Mason. "You did it!" he screamed. "You did it deliberately! You turned these men one against the other. You made an issue out of Edith DeVoe. You—"

"Close the door," Perry Mason interrupted in a calm tone of voice, "as you leave."

Smith put his hand through Sam Laxter's arm.

"Come," he said, "the law gives us our remedy."

Sam Laxter said bitterly, "He'll get a lawyer and try to pin granddad's murder on me. What a sweet mess that is!"

"Don't forget to close the door," Mason repeated.

Smith banged the door shut with a force which threatened to pull the wall down.

The effect of the slam was still shivering the pictures on the walls when Della Street opened the door from the outer office.

"Did you do that on purpose?" she asked.

Mason, smoking calmly, said with a detached air, "There was no sense having both of them support Smith. As a matter of fact, their interests are adverse. They should have realized it. If Smith is representing one of them, the other will get another lawyer. That'll mean two lawyers fighting, and that'll be a break for Douglas Keene."

She sighed, as a mother sighs who is confronted by a naughty child, then laughed. "Well," she said, "I got it all down, even including the sound of the blows. Winifred Laxter is in the outer office. She's got a Persian cat with her."

Is Perry Mason correct in his surmise that with Sam Laxter and Frank Oafley at odds, their lawyers divided and wrangling, Douglas Keene will get a break? And what hot news has Winifred brought now? Read the next issue of Liberty for strange new turns.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 24

1—On February 16, 1868, at New York City.

2—Buddha.

3—An idiot is a person with defective mental development: an insane person is diseased in mind.

4—An artist; principal cartoonist of Punch, the London weekly.

5—Pre-existance should be pre-existence.

6—As a surgeon and scientist. He discovered the anesthetic properties of chloroform and first used it in obstetrical cases.

7—The bride's parents.

8—Her passengers and crew are examined by the port physician to make sure there is no contagious disease aboard.

9—Automobiles. In 1933 a total of 23,827,290 automobiles were registered. On January 1, 1933, there were 17,424,406 telephones in use.

10—The cat. The Egyptians deified it and many people now think that a black cat is unlucky.

11—Immanent means inherent: imminent means impending.

12—Liberty Enlightening the World.

13—Venezuela, France, and Colombia.

14—It was $27,053,141,414.

15—Hue.

16—Strictly speaking, yes: the completion of the Cape Cod Canal made the cape an island.

17—Real property is "devised": personal property is "bequeathed."

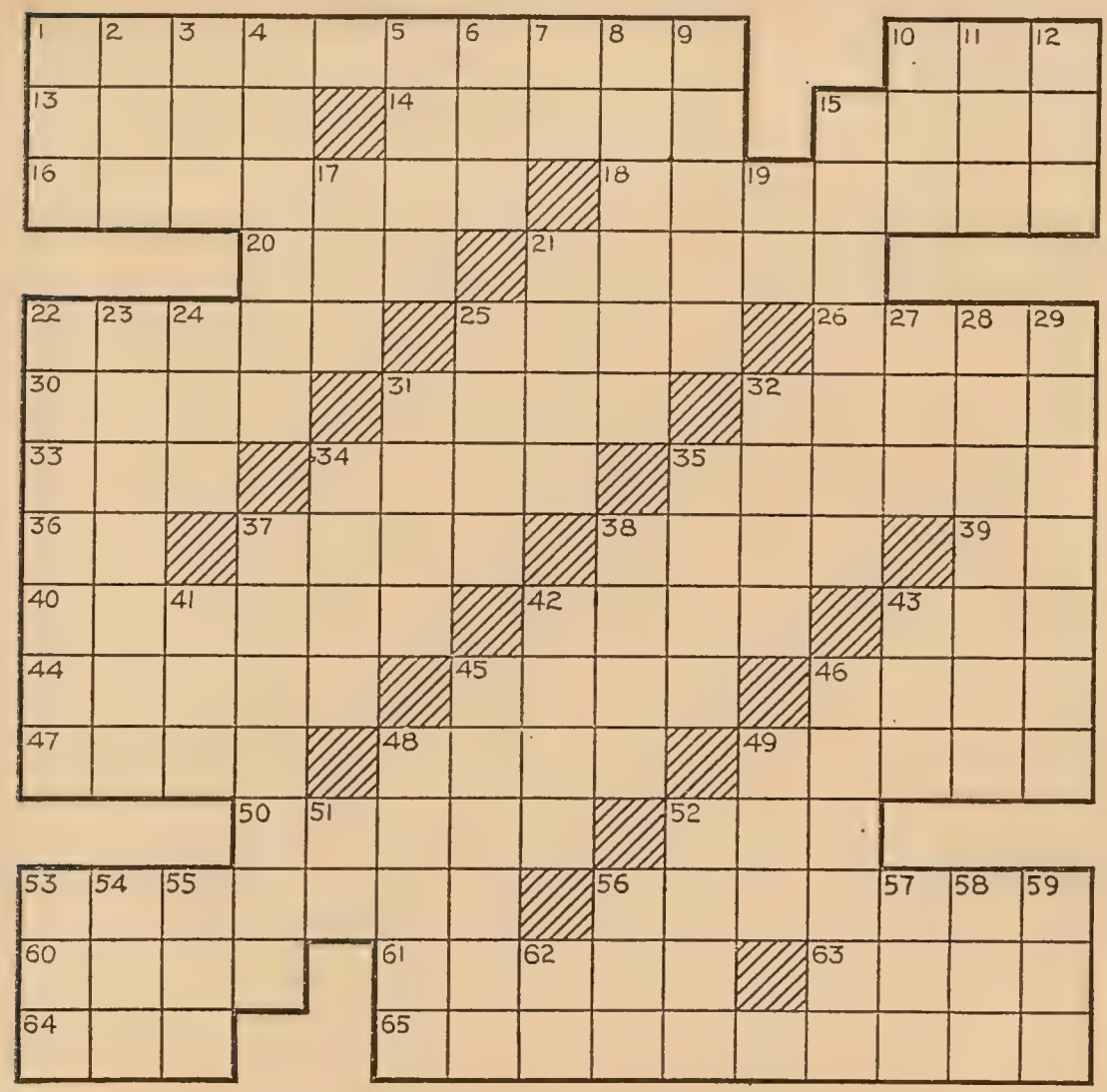
18—An artist; he created the Mickey Mouse cartoons.

19—July 28, 1914, when Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia.

20—No; it is another name for Heralds' College, founded in England in 1464 and still in existence.

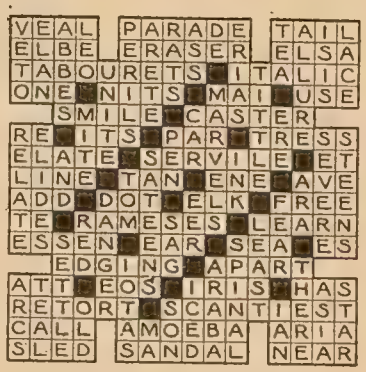
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 A big sinker floating around the big soup with a lot of gobs
10 The Greek end of the Windy City
13 A Prince of a fellow around the Metropolitan
14 Colored expression, or the talk of Harlem
15 Press agent
16 A warlike fellow always in the think of the fight
18 High-class wisecracks
20 Audible Adenoid Numbers (abbr.)
21 These showed England how hard it was to beat the Dutch
22 There's a heavy fall of due the first of it
25 Exceptions follow these
26 Push-overs for crashers in swell homes
30 Obsolete term used in marriage ceremonies
31 Old alcoholic stand-bys
32 A gamy fellow usually enjoying some quiet pool when brought to earth by rodmen
33 Joe Weber's favorite Fields
34 What Scotch dresses will be as usual this coming year
35 What you'll find in the Golden Trashery of Ogden Gnashery
36 Train on stilts
37 Vegetable grown on dogs
38 These ties are a scream
39 Snappy Mamas (abbr.)
40 This did a lot of blowing about the hot spots till it got spent
42 What Winchell collects on the East Side
43 The oldest choke in Hawaii
44 A thousand revolutions a minute were too much for them, so they lost their heads
45 The Post Office reports continued breakages of this
46 Tacks collector
47 Shoe trees for Garbo
48 The cemetery fish—it's full of bones



Answer to last week's puzzle

49 Three pips
50 Theoretically, every man is this
52 The Lincoln-head of France
53 Wrestlers and boy scouts get this in their work
56 Though this blows about its work, it's pretty crafty
60 Lots of times
61 Italian love bird
63 Cleopatra thought this was all wet when she went for a dunk in it
64 Tibet rapid transit
65 A ticket to dreamland

VERTICAL

1 The kind of shot hard to fire
2 What radio comedians do to jokes before using
3 The weigh of a fat maid
4 International football that gets kicked around in peace conferences
5 The sauce of life
6 An effervescent gal
7 The beginning of hard work
8 Empty crank cases
9 An ending that'll burn you up (plural)
10 Dernier ——
11 Many a farmer's attached to this, though it has striking ways if stepped on
12 What Dizzy Dean wraps around the ribs of the Cubs
15 Worth money when through
17 College boys live life in this
19 A well known connection
21 You'll find lots of this on the beach during hot weather
22 What the villain does to the fair young thing
23 A non-Jewish cone from Egypt
24 The kind of eggs you like
25 This used to be full of cows —now it's full of hams
27 Uttered nonsense
28 Bawl room
29 Blocks the entrance to the hole
31 The first thing Huey Long was in the world
32 He's full of horsy information
34 Sparks in the dark
35 Dis hung around de gunmoll's t'roat
37 These used to be filled with women and grammaw often got pinched in them
38 What he had on for the evening
41 The merry month in Paris
42 To carve the papes
43 To lean the flesh
45 A long thin dark thing that follows girls down sunny streets
46 A small boy is never this in July
48 Lawyers best friends
49 This can cause rear-end trouble
51 Sly things are always being done on this
52 The surest way to do this is to run into a tree
53 The answer to many hard problems
54 From a code in the head they say Roosevelt's made this a pain in the neck
55 What a nut this was before it rose to prominence
56 The call of poker
57 This and mi make a Southern hot spot
58 A man with 33 teeth
59 Ruff female
62 Speaking of yourself

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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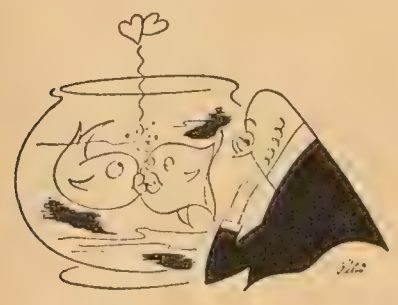
Vox Pop

FISH LOVE

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.—As I have been a tropical fish "bug" for some time, I was much surprised when Dr. G. E. Jorgenson said in May 25 Vox Pop that "fish manage to exist without sex or love."

Don't know much about fish love, but



the dear doctor could do worse than visit an aquarium and get acquainted with the viviparous (live-bearing) fishes—such as the Heleris, Mollies, Moons, and of course the little guppy.—*A. E. H.*

ROYAL KIDNAPER

CHICAGO, ILL.—Jay Franklin in praising Canada in June 8 Liberty fails to note the kidnaping of the quints by the King and Canada.—*Beta Kennedy.*

COLONEL HOUSE A PUBLIC ENEMY?

FALL RIVER, MASS.—The article in May 25 Liberty by Colonel Edward M. House, How the U. S. Can Prevent Another War, was splendid. Flowing rather from the heart than from pen or mind, it spoke volumes for broad-mindedness, tolerance, humanity, patience, and good will toward men.—*Harry Larkin.*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF. — Incensed at League of Nations article in your issue of May 25, 1935. This is a family affair—been going on for centuries past. Why concern us?

This man Colonel House should be declared Public Enemy Number One, his citizenship revoked, and him exiled to England where he belongs.—*Monroe Doctrine.*

SUCH SILLY ROT, MR. HUGHES!

GRAND BAY, ALA.—In Liberty for June 8 there is an article by Rupert Hughes that is not easy to analyze. He seemingly looks upon a mother as a very low animal. I believe he calls her a "cow" and compares her to a kennel club or stock farm if she bears children. The home he seems to look upon as a prison and unfit for a good woman to occupy. Such silly rot!—*C. W. Lively.*

PUBLIC WANTS LOTTERIES?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries has spent nearly a year in research, and we feel that we are therefore in a position to answer one or two of the questions in Mr. Earl Reeves's excellent article on sweepstakes in May 25 Liberty.

First, can we do anything about stopping the outflow of American money into foreign countries through the purchase of tickets on foreign lotteries, and can we check the possibly even larger amount pocketed by the racketeer through fake tickets and various forms of fraud? Our answer is, yes. But only in one way. That way is to legalize lotteries in our own country. Everywhere we find that people are at last facing the fact that foreign charities and hospitals are reaping the benefit of hundreds of millions of dollars so sorely needed by our own charities and hospitals, many of which have had to close their doors.

A second point which may be of interest is the fact that our research shows a surprisingly small proportion of the general public opposed to the legalization of lotteries in the present emergency.—*Mrs. Mary Derieux.*

NO MORE SHYSTERS!

TAMPA, FLA.—We have plowed up cotton, we have limited the acreage of the wheat growers, slaughtered surplus cattle, and otherwise weeded out excess baggage. Why not exterminate shysters? Why not?

The idea is not original with me. If it be the suggestion of a crank, then one Thomas Jefferson is the guilty party. In a letter to David Williams, dated November 14, 1803, Thomas Jefferson writes: "But when, by a blind concourse, particular occupations are ruinously overdone, and others left in want of hands, the national authorities can do much towards restoring the equilibrium."

If any one doubts Thomas Jefferson applying his remedy to the legal profession, let them turn a few leaves in his biography. Writing about the Congress of 1783—"If the present Congress errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise in a body to which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing and talk by the hour."

Lice and mosquitoes and shyster lawyers are out for the same thing—to get a living. The fact that their methods introduce poison into the body politic affects the lawyers no more than it does the mosquitoes.

They are equally as voracious. Just as the mosquitoes will suck the blood of any living creature, the shysters snatch at any means of getting a dollar. No case is too crooked, no fee too small. These are, of course, the little fellows, the minnows of their profession. For the famous shyster, the whale of the profession of law, no fee is too huge to be demanded. For the bigger fees they are paid the more highly they are esteemed. Especially by their professional brothers.—*Lafayette McLaws.*

WHAT DOES HE EXPECT?

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Concerning the "popping off" of Robert J. Dryden, who wrote We . . . The Depression Crop in June 8 Vox Pop:

The world is full of people who lay the blame of their misfortunes on the other fellow. It is a common coward's philosophy which is becoming more prevalent. This young man has just found out that, in spite of the fact that he has attained the distinction of possessing a high-school diploma, the world doesn't throw itself at his feet.

Well—what does he expect? Does he

think that the high-school graduates are the only people who have trouble getting work? Does he expect *any* school to be able to make experienced workers in all fields out of people who go into that school and follow the line of least resistance for three or more years?—*E. R. H.*

ECHO ANSWERS, "WHAT?"

NASHVILLE, TENN.—In June 1 Vox Pop, O. E. Walters said every man of wealth deserves everything that he has earned. This is true enough. But when a dozen men get 80 per cent of the wealth, then what the hell are the rest of us going to do?—*Cecil Williams.*

STING OF SCORPIONS

ARCADIA, CALIF.—Regarding your editorial footnote to Kamaaina (June 1 Vox Pop) it may please you to know that the fanlike ear of the elephant doesn't comprise the whole animal. You quote science—the Americana—on the poisonous effect of the sting of scorpions. But you fail to take into consideration that science is one of the group

that grabbed—perhaps—the tail of the elephant and thought the critter was like a rope.

I'm sure you will be delighted to learn that Kamaaina was correct. There are no poisonous insects or shrubs in Ha-

waii. It is supposed that the absence of iron in the soil is the cause of this.

Please don't take more than one headache pill. And please don't begrudge me this little nick in your halo.—*S. M. Blakeslee.*

WINGS OVER BATTLESHIPS

ANNAPOLIS, MD.—I think that I am justified in pointing out to Mr. Young (June 1 Vox Pop) certain errors which I have noted in his reasoning regarding the vulnerability of battleships to attack from the air.

There are two principles that Mr. Young has overlooked. First, to be of annoyance to a battleship, a bomb has to hit it. And second, to cause any serious worry it has to do damage after it hits it. And to hit a battleship a plane must get within range. All of which present problems which Mr. Young seems to have ignored or dismissed.

A battleship is not quite as good a target as Mr. Young would imagine when viewed from several thousand feet in the air in an airplane traveling at a minimum speed of a hundred knots or so. To get down within several thousand feet an airplane must break through a screen of antiaircraft fire of all sorts, from machine-gun fire to rapid-fire five-inch guns. Even the dive bomber, which is admittedly a wonderful weapon as aircraft go, would have difficulty in getting down to a close enough range to have any chance of damaging a battleship.—*Jo Gish.*

GET A JOB OR—HANG

MENA, ARK.—Congress could settle the nation's difficulties and bring general prosperity at one stroke by passing a bill making it a capital offense, punishable by hanging, for all able-bodied persons not to find work of some kind before January 1 next. And of course the executions would be few.—*G. C. Konkler.*

RATTLING GREAT BONES

OAKLAND, CALIF.—The dark-skinned Dumas would turn over in his grave if some unkind soul slipped a copy of May 18 Liberty into the moldy recesses of his tomb.

Even Victor Hugo's bones might rattle restlessly.

Beverly Hills adroitly reviews Les Misérables, giving credit where credit is due in the body of the story. But accuracy ceases with the beginning of the six-point paragraph captioned Vital Statistics, where Beverly innocently observes:

"Dumas's book was unchanged."

Perhaps critic Beverly had a hangover from Monte Cristo.—*R. W. Martland, Jr.*

"DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH—"

CARLISLE, PA.—I tender thanks for Mr. Macfadden's editorial of June 8.

This brand of Americanism places him as taking up where Horace Greeley and Whitelaw Reid left off.—*A. F. Macdonald.*

GREEN BAY, WIS.—The continual emphasis on the alleged lack of intelligence in the government by the press is destructive criticism and is not a contribution to our recovery.

Any one can find fault, but it takes thought and brains to devise remedies. Very little of the criticism aimed at the present administration has been accompanied by constructive suggestions.

To the title of Mr. Macfadden's editorial in June 8 Liberty, Don't Expect Too Much Intelligence from Government, let me add, Don't Expect Too Much Honesty and Unselfishness from the Capitalists and Employers.—*E. W. M.*

ALIEN CLEAN-UP VITAL

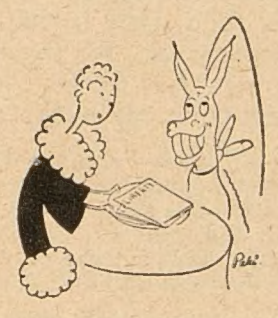
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—It seems plain to me that many native Americans would not have to ask for anything from this administration if the government got right down to cleaning up the unnaturalized alien situation in this country.

If President Roosevelt really wants many Americans to have *real* and permanent jobs again, he really ought to see that some of that five billions given him lately is spent in increasing the number and efficiency of the pitifully small band of men protecting our borders against the illegal entry of aliens. It has been authoritatively estimated that there are approximately *six million* unnaturalized aliens in America, and the Lord knows how many are Reds and have criminal records or are here illegally.

Our laws are entirely too coddling and merciful to unnaturalized aliens in this country.—*G. R. Taggart.*

EATING UP LIBERTY

SPENCERPORT, N. Y.—For twenty-two years I've led a life of impervious tranquillity unblemished by impulsive wrath. But when a Mrs. F. L. Du Vall can write (June 8 Vox Pop), "If I had one



nickel left in the world and nothing to eat, I'd buy my weekly issue of Liberty just the same," then I begin to wonder: Is she, by any chance, related to Nellie the Liberty-eating burro owned by Mr. Nichols and mentioned in the same issue?—*Strapping Young Fellow.*

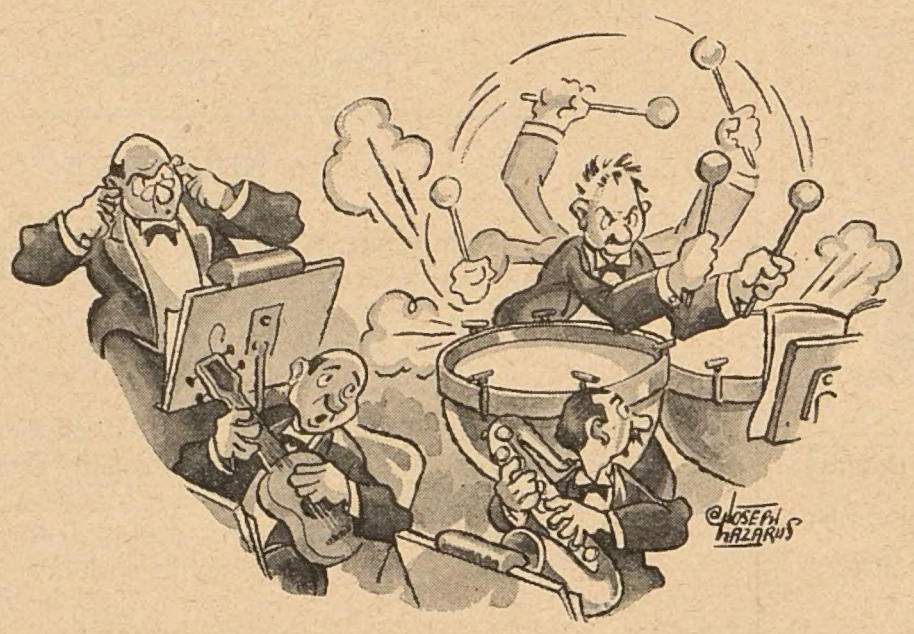
TO FOSTER OUR POETS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Academy of American Poets has been organized to encourage finer poetry in the United States, to foster our great poets and enable them to pursue the work for which they are best suited, untrammeled by continuous financial worries and routine toil hostile to their creative genius.

Fellows must be American citizens of outstanding poetical merit and not possessed of a regular income in excess of $5,000. No holder of a fellowship may engage in any gainful occupation other than such as may be approved by a majority of the chancellors as not incompatible with poetic production.

Fellowships may be awarded to the same individual for successive years without limit. The number of fellowships will be determined by the estimated income of the trust.

A distinguished group of sponsors are heartily backing this long-needed project. An active nation-wide campaign for funds is being initiated. We are hopeful that poetry lovers, financially able, will contribute.—*Marie Bullock.*



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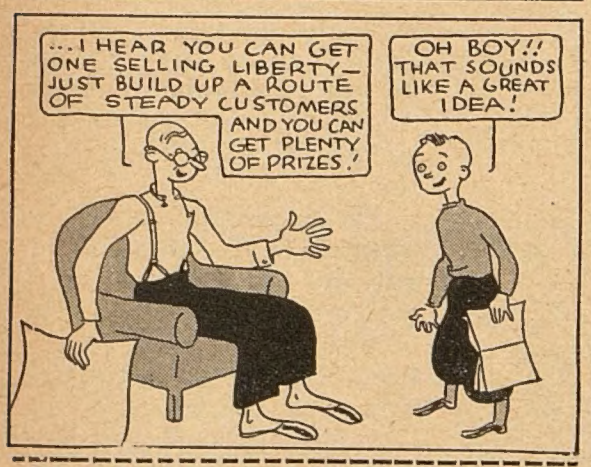
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CONTENTS

SHORT STORIES

Shear Genius.....Marian B. Cockrell 5

Afternoon of a Husband.....George Weston 10

Sheba Goes Home.....J. Frank Davis 28

No Use in the World—A short short story
Charles H. Gale 45

SERIALS

Public Sweetheart Number One—Part II..Dora Macy 16

The Man Who Played God Five Times—Conclusion
H. Bedford-Jones 40

The Case of the Caretaker's Cat—Part VI
Erle Stanley Gardner 48

ARTICLES

Chain Letter Madness....Donald Furthman Wickets 30
Another racket exposed—How what started as an innocent gamble has been turned into 1935's meanest confidence game

The Real Lost Squadron.....Dick Grace 34
An ace "crash artist" looks in the eyes of death and tells where the path of glory leads for stunt fliers in the films

Splendid Hazards.....Charles B. Parmer 38
If you must play the ponies, ponder these sapient tips on how not to do it

FEATURES

Editorial.....Bernarr Macfadden 4

Twenty Questions..... 24

Oriental, Sentimental, Diabolical—Movie reviews
Beverly Hills 25

Good Books.....Oliver Swift 27

The World of Tomorrow.....Ray Cummings 33

$2,000 Game of Movie Stars..... 46

To the Ladies!.....Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 47

Fashion Flashes from Paris.....Doramiller 52

Cross Word Puzzle..... 55

Vox Pop..... 56

Cover by Addison Burbank

★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

THE DONKEY WITH A LION'S HEART by Paul Annixter—The refreshing story of a strange alliance born of fear and terror, desperation and starvation in a wind-swept winter wilderness. Here is another masterful piece of work by a noted author of animal stories.

THE GOD-INSPIRED IDIOT by Sewell Peaslee Wright—He performed miracles with surgical science in helping others, but his own ailment was neglected until the merciless shock of a brush with death brought him to his senses—and eventual happiness. An appealing tale of a woman's trust and a man's enduring devotion.

Other stories and articles by Richard Halliburton, Bert Green, Martin Mooney, Julian Mason, Elizabeth Ryan, and others

Fortunately,

100,000,000

people are in want

Approximately twenty million people are on the relief rolls today. The seriousness of this condition is not to be minimized. Inevitably, it colors the thinking, plans and action of our whole national economy.

Yet from the standpoint of individual business enterprise, perhaps this condition has been too heavily advertised. For huge as this figure is, these twenty million represent only *one-sixth* of the total market in the United States.

There are an additional *hundred* million who are also in **want.** But with a difference. They have increasing means to satisfy their wants—and they *are* satisfying them with steadily increasing purchases.

● *They* **want** *to get married. Marriage licenses for 1934 are 24.3% ahead of those issued in 1933.*

● *They* **want** *new automobiles. In January and February, 1935, they bought 338,337 motor cars from the country's three largest manufacturers as against 208,226 for the same months in 1934.*

● *They* **want** *new electric refrigerators. In 1934, retail sales exceeded 1933 by 36%.*

● *They* **want** *new clothing. In 1934, they bought 10.8% more clothes than in 1933.*

● *They* **want** *new radio sets. In 1934, estimated retail sales are $150,880,000 against $130,899,000 in 1933.*

● *They* **want** *security. Life insurance sales for January and February, 1935, are 24% ahead of the same months in 1934.*

● *They* **want** *freedom from debt. Insurance policy loans are being repaid at an amazing rate. Savings bank deposits total $9,757,690,937 on January 1, 1935.*

And last but not least, they *want* to know about the newest developments and the best values in all fields of merchandising. Magazine circulations, newspaper circulations, radio programs are all on the up grade.

100,000,000 is a huge market. It is large enough to consume the goods of every manufacturer in the country and yield him a good profit. And the public is susceptible to advertising as it has not been for years.

Business men and salesmen will do well to consider the 20,000,000—the *one-sixth*—as soil that is at present lying fallow and waiting future cultivation. If they will direct their efforts whole-heartedly against the remaining *five-sixths*, they will be astonished at the results an aggressive selling campaign will bring them *now.*

And once the ball is rolling, these 20,000,000 will be added to the 100,000,000 to make a market of 120,000,000 to whose wants there will be no limit.

Written by THE RALPH H. JONES COMPANY Advertising

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[*A reprint of this advertisement is contained in a folder, "A $45,000,000,000 Log Jam of Buying is Piling Up," a copy of which will be sent upon request.*]

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